

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1987

BLACK LABEL
E D I T I O N



SEX BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN: MEET
THE POLISH **MARILYN MONROE!**
MADMEN OF AUSTRALIAN MUSIC

Fresh is Alpine

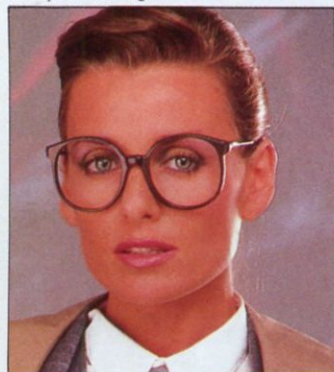


Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 7/July 1987



Money For Nothing



Business Class



The Sign Of Asmodeus



Madmen Of Australian Music

REGULARS

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Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

EDITOR

Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL

Art Director: Doug Finley; Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; Copy Editor: Graem Sims; Assistant Art Directors: Rosanne Hyndman, Brett Fuller; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Contributing Editors: Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, Dr Geoffrey E. Smith, Adrian Tame, Jeremy Cook; Office Manager: Nicky Carnegie; Typesetting: Love Computer Typesetting.

ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; NSW Advertising Manager: Sarah O'Rourke; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Woodside Media Pty. Ltd. 29 Agnes Street, Jolimont 3004. Tel: (03) 63 1811; SA: Gary Jaffer, 8/43 Blyth Street, Parkside 5062. Tel: (08) 373 1047; Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld. 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813; WA: Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 7 Fore Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel: (09) 328 9833; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 — Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ)

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Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Art Director International: Joe Brooks; Managing Editor: Claudia Valentino; Executive Editor: Peter Bloch; Graphics Director: Frank DeVino

ADMINISTRATIVE

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Senior Vice President/Production Director: John Evans; Senior Vice President/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Foreign Editions Manager: Eriko Kusomoto.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel: (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. Tel: (213) 824-9831.

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JULY



FRANK ROBSON



JIM SHELDON



YVONNE SUTHERLAND



MICHAEL RICHARDS



DR GEOFFREY E. SMITH

HOUSECALL

THE SIGN OF ASMODEUS

As far as the police were concerned, there were no suspicious circumstances in the death of Jane Butterworth. But *Penthouse* Contributing Editor Dr Geoffrey E. Smith had inside knowledge of the Butterworth story — a story involving witchcraft, sexual sacrifice, prostitution and drugs, all under the direction of a coven of Devil worshippers. Smith's riveting revelation of Melbourne's suburban "Satanism" starts on page 32 with an illustration by Robert Marshall.

TRADING PLACES

What makes a famous person famous? Luck — that's what. Sheer, blind, unadulterated *arse*. So what would John Howard, Jana Wendt, Ita Buttrose and all the rest of them be doing right now if they'd never been poked by the fickle finger of fate? The answers are provided in an hilarious article by Garry Sargeant starting on page 50.

FAST BUCK\$

Fast Buck\$, aka John Anderson, is a unique Australian — a greenie who fights dirty. He's discovered the Achilles' heel of the developers who want to turn our coastline into a Disneyland nightmare: sustained, remorseless satire. And does he ever bore it up 'em! Contributing Editor Frank Robson's rollicking profile of the man they call The Green Pimpnel begins on page 58. David May shot the photo.

THE POLISH MARILYN MONROE?

Do you waste valuable time fantasising about copulating with a Communist? Well, comrades, we have the answer to your problem. Simply turn to page 53. There you

will find the first ever socialist contribution to decadent Western erotica — a bona fide submission to *Penthouse* by a randy young chap called Preben Hultgren, who dined with death behind the Iron Curtain to bring us the Polish version of Marilyn Monroe. When you stop laughing, you will fantasise no more.

MONEY FOR NOTHING

John Beagle wears a dinner suit as comfortably as a jogger wears a tracksuit. He's a professional casino gambler — a man who knows how to walk out of these money-gobbling dens of iniquity with more bucks than he went in with. On page 74 he tells how you can do the same. You'd be a mug to take on the casinos without reading Beagle's comprehensive primer. The illustration was contributed by Collide.

MADMEN OF AUSTRALIAN MUSIC

Some people make a handsome living by being madder than a two-bob watch. Lion tamers, tightrope walkers, psychiatrists and politicians have all done well out of it, but the guys who really know how to turn craziness into cash are the mad musos. Jim Sheldon presents a photographic portfolio of Australia's loony tunes on page 79.

JELLY BABIES

Each foetus had his face. One after another they went through the S-bend and out into the sea. And still he wouldn't give an inch. A hard man comes to grief in this superb fiction piece contributed by award-winning writer Michael Richards and illustrated by Yvonne Sutherland. Turn to page 98. 



Bag a Stag.

Tooheys Stag Premium Lager.
If it didn't have an Australian accent, you'd swear it was imported.



PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Grandmaster

I note from your March edition that you plan to feature an article on "Grandmaster William Cheung" in April *Penthouse*. I feel it is in your interest — as an important chronicler of Australian current affairs — to draw your attention to the following information.

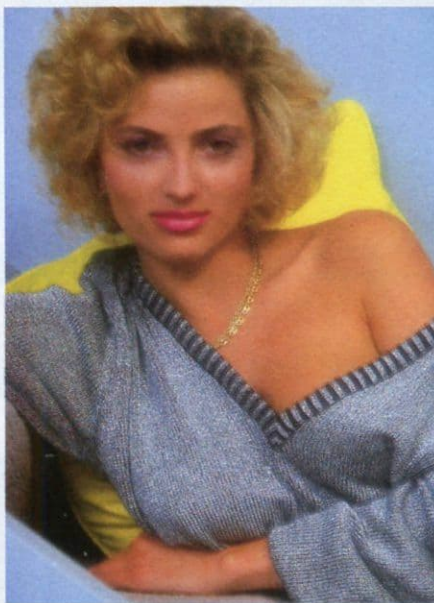
Firstly, anybody of any standing in Australian martial arts could have told your reporter that this self-claimed master is nothing more than a professional conman. This has been borne out time and again by Cheung's outrageous claims as to his prowess and position in his particular field, Wing Chun Kung Fu. He has been publicly ostracised by the legitimate top masters of this art.

Cheung was knocked down in a televised fight by an Australian black belt, Joe Meissner, seven years ago. The enclosed photographs, taken from a videotape of another defeat, show him being tossed to the ground by a mere junior student of Wing Chun in Germany a few months ago. You might take a second look at any photographs displaying Cheung's reputed speed of punching. In the past, in faked photographs arranged by Cheung, the shutter speed of the camera was set at the slowest possible point with his body moving to give a blurred effect.

There is more to tell, as your reporter would discover if he cared to delve deeper behind the facade to uncover the real William Cheung. — Name and address not supplied

As the author of the story in question, I want to make several points. The article made it clear that Cheung is involved in a bitter rivalry with practitioners of what he calls "modified" Wing Chun. These people have indeed ostracised him, since he poses a considerable threat to them; other observers of Australian martial arts take a different view, and it was on their recommendations that Cheung was chosen as a profile subject.

Many thousands of words have been published in martial arts magazines on the merits of this dispute, and I have no desire to buy in. But as to your specific complaints: (1) In 1973, while appearing on the Don Lane Show, Cheung publicly described Joe Meissner, then the self-proclaimed "World Karate Champion", as a charlatan, since there was no World Karate Championship. According to



Kathleen: Some like it hot

Cheung, "After this revelation I received numerous threatening phone calls which I eventually traced to Meissner. I offered him a match which never eventuated. In the meantime he tried to sue Channel 9 and myself for \$200,000, but later withdrew the action." There was, in other words, no such televised fight, according to Cheung. (2) Cheung's explanation of what actually happened in Germany was briefly recorded in my article. Basically, his response to the attack was to hold the aggressor on top of him in order to avoid being injured by the man's "supporters", whom he believed may have been armed. Cheung's version of these events was backed up by an eye-witness account presented to me in the form of a letter. The photographs are inconclusive. For a detailed account of Cheung's side of the story, see Black Belt magazine, March 1987 issue. (3) Of course the photographs of Cheung (including that used in *Penthouse*) involve the use of special techniques to achieve a desired visual effect; it's absurd to describe this as "fakery." In 1984 Cheung's punching technique was scientifically analysed by Jeffrey Pisciotta, Clinical Co-ordinator of the Gait Analysis Lab of the Children's Hospital in Boston, USA, and holder of a Master's Degree in Biomechanics. Among his conclusions: "The average time for one cycle (three

straight punches) was .43 secs; the fastest time, .39 secs ... Cheung could theoretically punch approximately nine times in one second." — Greg Hunter

Pet love

Congratulations to Kathleen Azzopardi — definitely the number one pick for Pet Of The Year. Though I admit I could only vote on the basis of her stunning looks — that whole Madonna/Marilyn feeling about her — I was fortunate enough to catch her act during TV interviews after the announcement, and she was fantastic. She handled herself with cool aplomb, and positively dripped sensuality. I wish her well for the future. — E. Morris, Cremorne, NSW

Carried away

I am writing in response to C. Fitzgerald's outrageous attack on Ms Mackay's humorous if not realistic appraisal of last year's visit by American sailors ("A Port In Every Girl", April Feedback).

Ms Fitzgerald has apparently taken the column in question, "When Yankee Doodle Came To Town", as a personal attack on her own motives for dating one of these boys. I doubt if this was the intention but I do believe that Ms Fitzgerald is very naive if she thinks that all the women who participated in the "Dial-A-Sailor" service were doing their diplomatic duty. I don't think she can hold her motives as typical of the thousands who placed their order for a sailor (some, I might add, who specified the color of the man, perhaps in the belief that being black meant "well hung").

What also bowled me over was Ms Fitzgerald's comment on the poor sexual technique of the Australian male. How many men has she been to bed with to merit such a sweeping statement? If Ms Fitzgerald has never been satisfied with the Aussie male's technique, then she too has failed in not communicating with him to improve that technique.

Apart from the few love stories like hers that may occur, these visiting ships mean some good times for all the desperadoes out there and big bucks for the only growth industry in this country — prostitution.

In closing I want to say that Ms Mackay is not only one of your most attractive writers but one whose perspective and humor I look forward to reading. — A. Barnes, Bexley, NSW

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Cherry ripe

A few months ago I had a wonderful experience that was most unexpected. I had seen a friend off from the airport and by chance met a lovely young woman who had just farewelled her parents on an overseas holiday.

Her parents lived in a country town about 150kms away, and I had known them before I had moved to the city. The daughter, whom I will call Jessie, was still in high school in those days, but she was now a gorgeous young woman of 17 — some 20 years younger than me. She mentioned that she was not keen on driving all the way back to her home in the dark, especially since she would then be there by herself.

I suggested she stay at my flat and then drive home the next day. To my surprise she agreed and I told her to follow my car back to my place. When we arrived I put a couple of TV dinners into the oven to heat, and poured a couple of brandies for us while we waited. By the time dinner was ready, we had each had two liberal drinks.

The meal, accompanied by a bottle of wine, followed. I asked her if she would like a sherry to finish off. Jessie said she loved sherry; needless to say she was handed a fairly full glass.

We sat on the lounge talking while we drank, and I told her how I had always thought she was very pretty and that now she was a beautiful young woman. This pleased her and she told me that she had always had a bit of a crush on me, too. I put my arms around her and kissed her — she surprised me by returning the kiss very passionately.

I guess the drinks were having an effect on her.

After talking for about an hour I said I was ready for bed and went and got a pyjama top and gave it to her. She went to the bathroom to change and I went to the bedroom and undressed. With hopeful anticipation, I too only put a pyjama top on and got into bed.

A while later she came in — and certainly looked a cracker, as the top just reached far enough to cover her pussy. After getting into bed she said she was quite embar-



rassed and nervous because she had never been in bed with a man before. She asked me to promise that I would not do anything to her as she was still a virgin.

I told her I would not do anything to her unless she wanted me to. I put my arms around her and kissed her a few times and said how gorgeous she was and how fantastic it was being in bed with her. I knew I would have to take things slowly and keep telling her these things — how soft her body felt — if I hoped to have her surrender to me. Every time I said how beautiful she was she snuggled up to me a bit closer and answered softly. After a while I slowly slid my hand over her smooth body and held her breast and felt the nipples starting to firm up.

By just brushing my fingers over her nipples they were soon hard and enlarged. Each time I did this, her body would rise up to meet my hand and she would start to take deep breaths and hold them before slowly exhaling. I considered the time was right to proceed slowly — hip, then down the outside of her thighs. After doing this a few times I brought my hand upwards on the inside of her thigh, and she shrunk back a bit as my fingers pressed up to briefly touch her pussy lips — but I did not linger there the first few times.

When I thought she had relaxed enough I slid my hand down further and gently drew my fingers up and down the sensitive area

between her anus and pussy, and her body twitched every time I did it. She soon started to get quite wet and slippery and I quickened the action. This made her gasp. Then, as I drew my hands upwards again, I made my finger move gently up to the closed lips — until I located her clitoris. This almost made her jump off the bed, so I soothed her by asking her if she wanted me to stop — but I knew she was too worked up to want that. She begged me to be gentle.

Just at the top of her lips I could feel the firm shaft of her clitoris, so I took it between my fingertips and slid backwards and forwards over the hood which covered it. She began to get very excited and her kisses become even more passionate and urgent.

Then I slid the hood gently back so that her shaft was exposed. All I did was hold it there for two or three minutes, ever so gently, and I could feel it swelling and firming. All the time she was moaning softly and her body began a gentle swaying motion. When I let the hood go, the bared clit remained exposed.

Then I gently spread her pussy lips wide, and this had a terrific effect on her — her body started to jerk upwards as if she was already being fucked. I next placed my finger at the tight entrance to her vagina and applied a slight pressure, but without letting it enter. Soon I pushed a bit harder and my finger dipped into her entrance up to the first knuckle. It was still very tight and she pulled back slightly. I kept my finger quite still until she got used to it and she relaxed and loosened slightly. Then I started to rotate it gently around the tight rim of her entrance. When I thought she was ready I slipped my finger in up to the second knuckle. Her cunt was really wet and oozing and her interior muscles were going frantic tightening and relaxing.

Before long I was able to slip another finger into her, and gently began to spread her apart as her hips rose and fell. She was by now reaching for my penis with one hand, but I would not let her get to it as I thought its size might frighten her. I kept on telling her how marvellous she was, and shifted our positions slightly so that I could

FORUM

reach for a drink which we both shared.

She now seemed quite brave and confident so that I knew it was time to attempt to enter her. I took my penis in my hand and started to rub it around her wet cunt lips until I was sure she was slippery enough for me to penetrate. She got a bit nervous at this stage and made me promise not to hurt her. She said that although she was still a virgin she had been on the Pill for over a year as a safeguard. I sighed hugely when I heard this . . .

I told her to spread her legs wide and I pulled my foreskin right forward over the head of my penis, then placed it at the entrance to her vagina. Finally I pushed slowly but firmly and felt my cock slide past her entrance. This made her gasp and I attempted to move no further until she had relaxed a bit. All her cunt muscles were going wild at this stage so I put a bit more pressure on and felt my cock slide another inch or so inside.

Every time I went to push a little further she got a bit panicky, so I had to be content with easing back a little before further attempts. Without trying to get further, I just let my cock rest inside her and set up a throbbing action. This had an incredible effect on her, and I continued to torment her like this for a while, but I still had about three inches to go.

At this point I suggested that she get on top so she would have total control of how much she wanted to take. She agreed — by now she wanted everything inside her. I said we would roll over still joined together. I cheated a bit on her, as I pretended it was very hard to keep my balance, and had to make some strong thrusts — on the second thrust, I was home. She had been too occupied with not falling off the bed and did not notice too much.

I told her she now had every inch of my cock inside her cunt and how clever she was. For a while I began to move in and out of her, with Jessie responding beautifully. Then I increased the speed until we were both almost leaving the bed. Our bodies slapped together feverishly. Naturally, this finished me and I pushed deep into her as I came far, far inside her.

It had been a fairly long session and we were both fairly weary, so I slowly withdrew out of her. She rolled back on the bed and I curled up against her curved back. That could have been the end for the night — but not so. An hour or so later I was starting to get urges again with such a glorious woman next to me. I slowly moved my hands from her breast down to her cunt, and although she pretended to be asleep she responded by moving her pelvis. Soon she was fucking my fingers rapidly. I did not take too long to enter her from behind as we lay there beside each other. I told her we could stay like that till morning as she

wouldn't be tired by my weight and we could both do anything that we wanted. We stayed like that for hours; even if one of us was inclined to rest, a few twitches and movements from the other would soon set things alight again.

We were still together in the mid-morning, but then she said she must make a move. I said: "Make all the moves you like — I love it." I then told her there was another way we could make it and I asked her to get on her hands and knees and I would show her how. When she got into that position it was fairly easy to enter her as she was still stretched and juicy. I asked her to lower her head on to the bed and keep her arse as high as she could, and this enabled me to get in right up to the balls. She said she was getting close to coming and that she would like to finish off having me lying on her back — and that is how we finished a glorious long session with her legs spread as wide as she could get them and pulled up alongside her body as far as possible.

We both came at about the same time and lay exhausted. I told her that I would look forward to any return she might consider and that she was the most fantastic person I had ever had in bed with me. I explained that she must know that nothing would ever equal the fantastic time we had had when she lost her virginity, but I would do my best to please her anywhere, any time.

And that is the whole story for the beginner. — *A regular NZ reader*

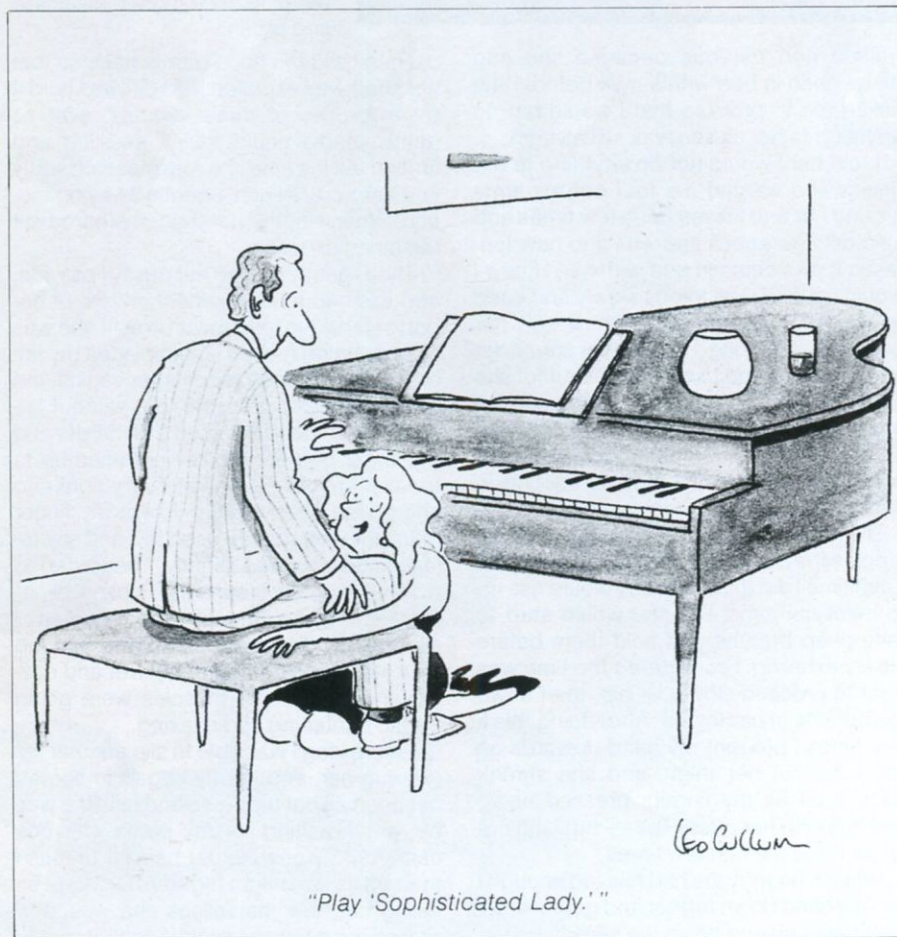
Constructive criticism

Recently, my husband and I left our suburban home for our annual weekend away from it all, dedicated to fine shopping, eating at expensive restaurants, and much needed R & R at a luxurious hotel on the Gold Coast. The first morning in our room, we opened the draperies only to discover a new building going up across the narrow side street. Workmen were forming concrete columns one floor up from our window. As we ate breakfast, we watched them work.

Later that morning my husband Mike and I went out to shop, and by three o'clock that afternoon we were so loaded down with packages we decided to call it a day. We returned to our room to relax. One of the workers across the street noticed me looking and waved a friendly hello.

Mike and I joked about construction workers scanning windows around job-sites for cheap thrills. As I gazed out the window I thought how exciting it would be to give the boys a thrill, so I stood up and pulled my sweater off over my head, giving them a nice view of my tits. It felt great and I was immediately turned on. My husband suddenly jumped up and began kissing me and fondling my breasts. I was pleasantly surprised when the workmen started to applaud.

Mike and I quickly shed our clothes,



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FORUM

turned on to the max. I knelt down and began to suck his cock in full view of the workers cheering us on. I imagined that the hotel doorman downstairs was probably wondering what they were so worked up about. It wasn't long before Mike threw me on the bed and gave me a royal fucking, which brought more applause and catcalls from our friends from above. After both Mike and I were spent, I felt bad that we kept those poor men outside way past quitting time, so I closed up for the evening.

When I opened them again the next morning, I saw six men working in a cluster on a catwalk that put them as close as they could get to our window without falling off the building. I knew that we were going to repeat yesterday's episode before the day was over, so I wore only a G-string while eating breakfast.

Sure enough, that afternoon Mike and I slowly started to remove each other's clothes, doing a sexy striptease in front of our window. Once again we had an audience of nine guys packed together on the catwalk. We fucked in every position possible, giving the guys some really risqué views. They seemed to particularly enjoy it when I stood up with my arse toward them and held on to the TV while Mike fucked me from behind. My favorite position was when Mike laid me on my back and started to eat my pussy. As he slid his tongue over my cunt, Mike glanced over at the workmen to see their reaction. Instead of whistling

and laughing, they were all staring at us intently—I guess pussy eating is serious business to them! The thought of them watching my every move sent me over the edge of heaven, and I collapsed after having several orgasms.

The rest of the weekend was great, and I was disappointed when both Mike and I had to leave our little fantasy jaunt for the working world on Monday morning. We found the phone number of the jobsite and thought it would be fun to anonymously call and ask if work was proceeding more smoothly now that there was no longer a "show" for the boys. The man on the phone seemed delighted that we called and told us the men had loved our sexy weekend. I told him that we did, too!

Next year, before Mike and I head to the Gold Coast for our annual weekend, maybe we'll scout out just the right place to stay—perhaps right across the street from a construction site. — *Name and address withheld*

Constabulary duties

I am a 20-year-old male and a Constable 1st-class. I am considered small and usually have a partner when I am out on patrol. However, on one particular shift, I rode in my patrol car by myself because my partner had requested the night off.

At around 2:30am I received a call to a flat in reference to "unusual sounds outside." This particular complex was filled with mostly young singles. Upon my arrival and after ringing the doorbell, a terrific-looking girl came to the door. She allowed me to

enter her flat and explained that she had been hearing weird noises outside her kitchen window. I checked all of her windows and doors downstairs, and told her that I would also have to check upstairs as well. I went upstairs while she remained below because she was "nervous," or so I thought.

When I returned to her living room on the first floor to tell her that everything was safe, she had slipped out of her jeans and shirt and was sitting on her sofa in a skimpy bra and underwear. You can imagine the surprised look on my face! I immediately began to develop an erection, and because I was still a virgin I was hesitant to respond to her obvious invitation. I didn't know how to cope with the matter. Noting my excitement, she got up from the sofa and, without saying a word, walked over to me and began to massage my swollen member through my uniform. My law-enforcement career flashed through my head, but I decided that I should "go for it."

After I unhooked her bra, she undid my gun belt and removed my shirt. Then she unhooked my belt, allowing my pants to hit the floor. I took off my shoes and socks, and urgently kicked my pants away from my feet while yanking off my T-shirt. So there I was in my briefs with this hard-on, and her in her panties. We began kissing deeply when she placed her hand inside my briefs and began stroking my penis. I always wondered if a girl would find fault with my five-inch tool, but she sure didn't.

She slipped my underwear off and I took hers off in return. Then we lay down on her plush carpet and I began sucking her small, firm breasts. She continued to jack me off, but when I told her I was about to come, she immediately changed position and began to suck my dick. It wasn't long before I shot a load into her wonderful mouth, and she swallowed every drop of come from my glistening head. After I came, I lost my hard-on and was a bit embarrassed at the situation. She moaned and started to kiss me again. I tasted my salty come inside her mouth, and to my surprise I became erect again. I laid her on her back, parted her legs, and brought them over my shoulders. With my penis in my hand, I rubbed her slit with my blood-filled head. I started moving in and out, and she started breathing faster and faster. We must have fucked for a minute or so when the two-way radio crackled through to make sure that I was all right. I could barely talk, and calmly I told the dispatcher that I was fine and would be on my way shortly.

I continued screwing her for a few more minutes, and then I exploded again, shooting more come than I knew was possible. It was the greatest feeling I have experienced in my life. She must have had an orgasm, because she screamed out just as I began filling her with my warm liquid.

Afterward we lay on the floor for a few minutes to catch our breath. I finally got up to dress, still breathless from this unbeliev-

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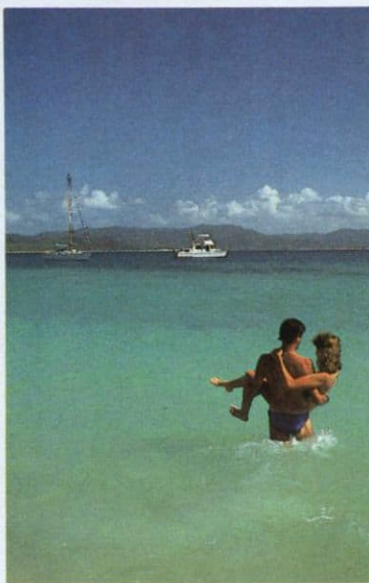
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FORUM

able encounter. To my amazement she asked me to come back, and would you believe that I returned to her flat at 7 am that morning? I can still hear her cries of ecstasy as we repeatedly explored each other's bodies. Not bad for a beginner, huh? — *Name and address withheld*

Club bed

I have just returned from a trip and I want to relate my story while it is still fresh in my mind. I went to French Polynesia with my three closest mates. I was the only one who felt like playing tennis one afternoon, so I went to the courts by myself. Only two courts were in use, one by a young couple and the other by two gorgeous young ladies. One was a short blonde and the other a tall brunette, both about 20 and very shapely in their short shorts and halters. Noticing I was alone, they invited me to join them, and they played as partners against me. They were French-Canadians, very friendly and a lot of fun. After about 45 minutes of tennis under the hot afternoon sun, we'd all had enough and the girls invited me to join them in their room for a drink.

After a drink, Michele excused herself to take a shower while Francine and I continued to talk. Michele emerged from the bathroom in a short pink bathrobe that

hugged her slender young body. She sat on the edge of the bed, towel-drying her shoulder-length blonde hair, as I sat on the floor.

Before long, the topic got around to sex and our secret fantasies, and I got pretty excited. I noticed Michele's legs were apart, revealing her inviting young twat. She caught my glance, opened her legs farther apart, and ran her hand along her clit, saying, "Do you want it?" I just about exploded. She lay back across the bed and I took her tender hips in my hands and began sucking on her wet pussy, darting my tongue in and out as she moaned with delight.

I undid her robe and kissed her tummy up to her small silky breasts. Michele rolled me on to my back and peeled off my tennis shorts. I was delighted when she began sucking on my knob, taking all of it into her mouth. Just then, Francine came out of the shower. I could see her standing at the foot of the bed with a towel around her while Michele gave me great head. Francine dropped her towel to reveal her gorgeous young body to me. Her breasts were large, about 38s, and her long black hair flowed down over her shoulders. She approached the bed and kissed me. I placed my hands on her hips and guided her on top of me until her pussy was on my face. I started to lick her dripping juices while Michele continued to mouth my dick. I manoeuvred the three of us so that I entered Michele's tight

wet pussy from behind. To my surprise, she began to eat Francine out. I thrust my cock inside Michele's hot twat until I exploded inside her quivering body. The three of us discovered countless positions as we made love on into the night, each of us fulfilling every fantasy we had ever entertained. I knew the whole time that I might never have another night like this again, and that the guys would just never believe this one.

By morning all three of us were sore and sleepy. I quietly got out of the bed Francine, Michele, and I shared all night. When I got back to my room, my mates bitched at me for disappearing. When I told them what happened and promised to introduce them to my French-Canadian friends, they changed their tune. I guess I can speak for all of us when I say it was the best holiday any of us has ever had. — *Name and address withheld*

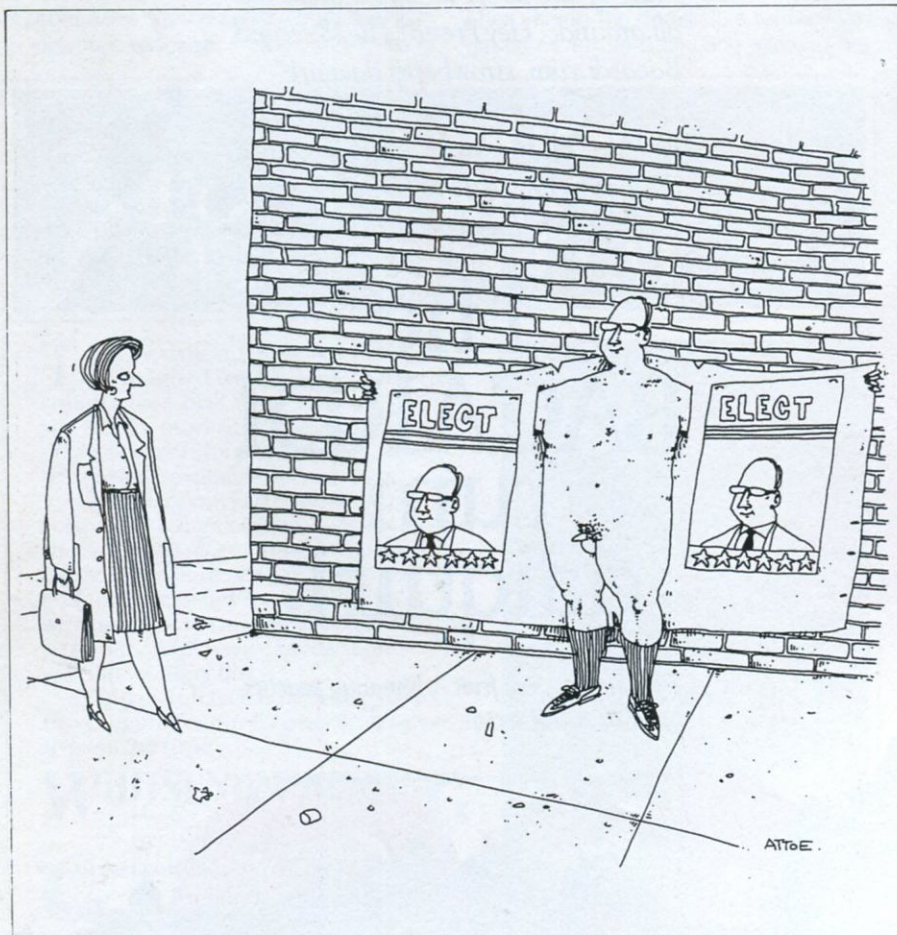
Sneak attack

Last week I had an amazing sexual experience with my fiancée, Chelsea. Chelsea is a truly beautiful woman, with a supple body highlighted by *great tits*. Despite our uptight surroundings and her very strict, prudish parents, Chelsea and I have a fantastic sex life. We've fucked and sucked each other in countless ways in many places, and we're always horny when we're together.

This latest adventure, however, really caught me by surprise. Chelsea's parents like me very much and always include me when they take their family out. Last Friday they took Chelsea and me out to dinner and then to a late play; by the time we were driving home, it was nearly 1 am. I wasn't too happy with that because they would certainly drop me off at my home for the night, and I hadn't seen Chelsea for a couple of days. So I sat in the dark backseat of their car with my arms around my fiancée and a throbbing hard-on that I would apparently have to take home unsatisfied.

I was carrying on a light conversation with Chelsea's mother when Chelsea said she was sleepy and lay down on the seat with her head on my lap; as she did so, she covered herself with my coat. I was a bit surprised, because Chelsea has abundant nighttime energy and can usually party or make love well past one in the morning. When her very awake fingers silently reached up to massage my rod through my tight jeans, I yelped with surprise.

Of course, I was terribly afraid that Chelsea's parents would turn around and see, and I tried to push her away. The back of their seat was high and it was very dark, and I couldn't dissuade her without making noise. Instead of stopping, Chelsea popped the top button of my pants and slowly unzipped my fly. As she stroked my shaft, I nervously tried to keep some part of



Continued on page 118

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

PARDON MY GENITALS

The other day it all came to a head, and I snapped. Having woken up in an unfamiliar lounge-room, I staggered out into the sunlight to see a Maori jogger almost being flattened by a Porsche 928S. I quickly deduced that I was somewhere in the eastern suburbs of Sydney. It seemed that a brief swim and possibly a chunder would clear my brain, so I headed for the beach.

Picture the scene: I landed at this oversized rock pool — Coogee, I think it was — and I'd just stripped down to my sluggoes when I noticed that all the pool's occupants were female and all of them were looking at me as if I'd just served them a plate of deep-fried dogshit. Then, as I stepped toward the water, a little girl clinging to the side of an enormous human floating pontoon looked me square in the eye and screamed: "Mummy! Mummy! It's a MAN!"

The horror! The horror! And it got worse. A couple of menacing-looking brutes (I hesitate to call them bull dykes because that's sexist, but I'd take 6/4 on that they were anyway) hauled themselves out of the pool and marched toward me, all quivering cellulite and monstrous obscenities.

"What's the matter?" I pleaded as they began to close in on me.

"This is a women's pool. You're trespassing. Piss off."

It pains me to confess, gentle reader, that I was out of there faster than a Flash Gordon. It was only when I reached the relative safety of the beach that I worked myself into a lather of rage, rolled my eyes heavenward and yelled at the top of my voice: "Why do I have to go around apolo-gising for the fact that I've got a dick?"

I've been doing this for a few years now. Where I come from, men are second-class citizens. We're considered the repositories of all that is evil, violent and inhumane in the world, and I suspect that given the option of freezing up enough sperm to perpetuate the species till the end of time, a clear majority of women would vote to have us expunged from the face of the Earth.

Can you relate? If not, you're living in an area as yet untrammelled by the forces of fascist feminism. Rest assured, your time will come.

Would it amaze you to learn,

now, that I consider myself a feminist? Would you think it odd that I loathe the fact of unequal pay for women, that I despise the idiotic disparagement of women that has characterised our culture from time immemorial, that I consider sexual harassment the last refuge of swine, and that I uphold the right of women to express themselves sexually whatever way they damn well want to?

All right. What I'm on about is simply this: to paraphrase the late Arthur Calwell, two wrongs don't make a right. We've finally managed to rid our society (at least in the civilised parts of the country) of the most loathsome of all sexist institutions, the men-only public bar. We've finally belted down the doors of that bastion of mindless misogyny and dragged its dreary denizens kicking and screaming into the light. And we're belting down a similar set of doors in every area you care to look: from the bedroom to the boardroom, from the kitchen to the playing fields. We are at last becoming an *integrated* society, to the benefit of both women *and* men. Are we going to allow the misguided proponents of reverse discrimination to go and screw it all up?

Do these women really believe that discriminating positively in favor of women, using every bureaucratic manipulation in the book to put them on the fast track at the expense of men, and creating "women's spaces" where the brutish male dare not enter will create anything other than anger, fear and loathing in these troubled times? Alas, it was always this way. The history of human conflict is a history of vengeance. When the oppressed rise up to conquer their oppressors, reconciliation is the last thing on the agenda. Does anyone still hope that when the blacks of South Africa finally overpower their white masters the outcome will be a democratically elected parliament consisting of a proportionally fair representation of blacks and whites? Forget it. They'll tear the bastards to pieces and feed them to the dogs.

And rightly so, you might be thinking. That's the nature of the beast — be it male or female. I suggest, therefore, that we batten down the hatches and prepare for a cold and heartless occupation by the forces of fascist feminism. Gentlemen, our time has come. — Peter McDonald



Illustration by Graham Rendoth

LUST



A KNEES-UP IN PARIS

It was almost more than the neurons of this Australian's middle-class mind could handle all at the one wallop. There was the door bouncer of this snug little Parisian discotheque looking fairly normal (in a French sort of way), except that an impeccably dressed woman on her knees before him was doing positively wicked things to the head-quarters of his nether regions.

"Cherie," said I to my companion, "Cherie, just *ou* the hell are you taking me? That [pointing shakily to the bouncer] is the most unheard of thing I've ever heard of."

"Darlink," said she, "darlink, I take you to zee zumzink you 'ave not zee in Australie." With which she grabbed my hand and we proceeded through the curtains into the disco proper.

Sure enough, at first glance I knew I never had zee anything like it in Australia (or anywhere else for that matter). You see, this was not a disco as we primitives in Oz know it, where you go and meet people with a view to "afterwards." Uh-uh. This was a disco catering specifically to the most impatient of the French. Having completely dispensed with the last vestiges of the "Dance?-date?-coffee?" routine, the name of the game here is to meet someone and have a nice time right there on the floor, the lounge, or even hanging upside down from the artificial tree in the corner (I'm not making this up).

Having picked our way through the crowded dance floor (and thereby over several heaving masses of writhing flesh), we finally made it to the adjoining lounge where we managed to wedge ourselves in between yet another couple of couples consummating their acquaintance. Cherie then disappeared for a little while to go and have a dance while I desperately tried to regain my composure and look cool. I mean, have you ever tried to regain your composure and look cool when on one side a squealing lovely spasmodically grips your shoulder for support as she

is rhythmically sodomised, while on the other a woman who has just "swallowed" is breathily burping? Not easy, I can tell you.

Nevertheless, by the time Cherie reappeared a few minutes later I had redressed the balance to the point where I was at least able to take stock of the events taking place around me.

Over in the corner being particularly active was a thirtyish, good-looking blonde who, I later found out, was a veritable legend in these parts and was known as *La Fumeuse* (the smoker). This is a reference to the French slang for fellatio as "smoking Russian cigars" and her legend is founded on the assertion that she habitu-

ally goes through 25 cigars a session. Bullshit. I watched her in action for an entire evening and she only got through 15. Opinion is divided amongst the regulars as to whether she really is the "bored housewife" she claims or whether she's in fact paid by the management to ensure that no-one leaves their premises unsatisfied. A French version of "step right up, step right up, everyone gets a prize!" as it were. Whatever, I positively refuse to believe *La Fumeuse's* claim that what led her into all this was an attempt to give up Malboros.

A few seats and a couple of copulations up from her was a girl who I judged to be all of 18 years

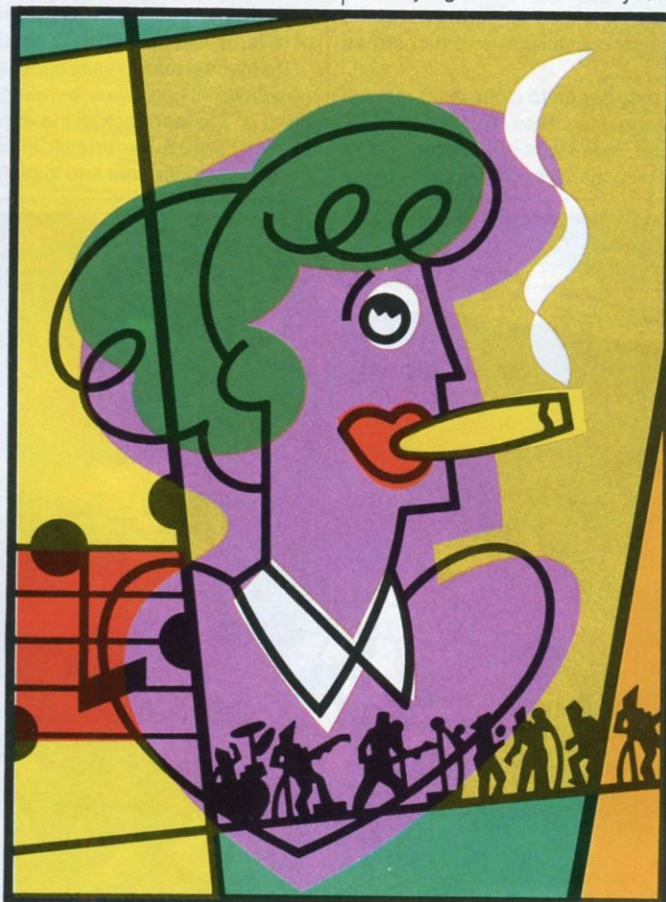
old, smoking whatever the female version of a "cigar" is . . . but this time positioned to allow the line of men behind her easy access. From a purely clinical point of view (funnily enough I found all of this immensely interesting but not overwhelmingly erotic) I counted how many people she satisfied in a half-hour period. The score: four home runs scored off the backfield, two straight hits (both female) in the front. The curious thing, for me at least (no-one else looked particularly quizzical), was that of the four homers, she never even once saw their faces let alone had a word with them. Had she never heard of "getting to know you" and the "magic moment when we first held hands"?

"Cherie," said I, "this is *too* much. Cherie? Cherie . . . ?" Oh my God, Cherie! There was my darling . . . Ah hell, let's just skip it.

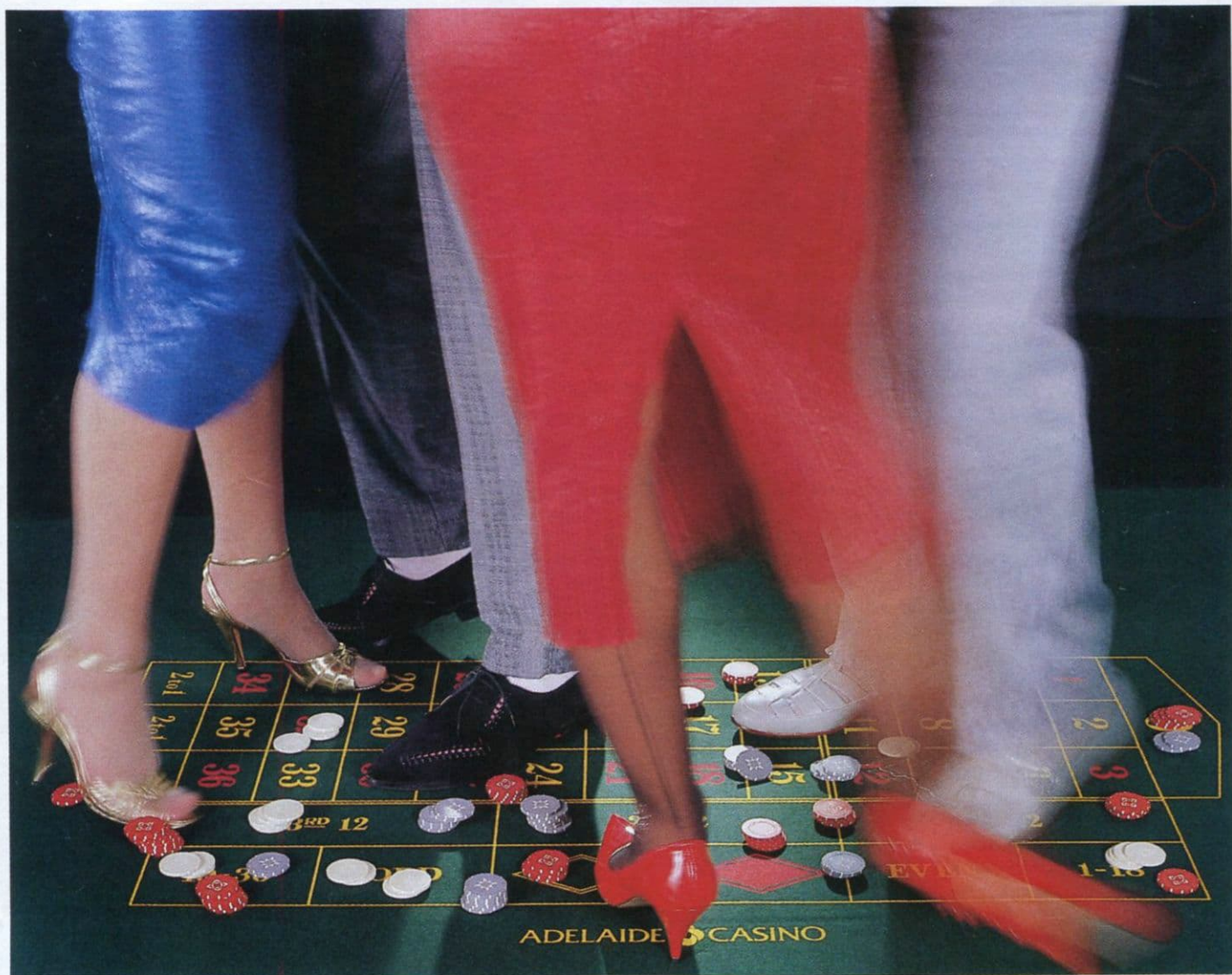
Anyway, you get the picture. Basically a commercial orgy set to music. Men and women, boys and girls, in all possible combinations, committing acts on each other that would make Xaviera Hollander blush, let alone this simple soul.

Still, a buck's a buck, and it was interesting. You may be in Paris some day feeling adventurous. It's at 106 Rue St Honore (hence its name, "Club 106", pronounced "sont-seese"), a mere two blocks from where the Mona Lisa hangs out at the Louvre.

The double-plate glass doors slide back only for single females or couples — and don't even think about going unless you're dressed to the nines (gentlemen, coat and tie, please). Oh, and one other thing — there's no cover charge but *consummation* is *obligatoire* and the drinks start at 140 francs apiece, which comes out at about 35 Australian dollars for a straight whiskey and coke, or even a simple orange juice if that's your fancy. Did I nurse my drink? I damn near *married* it after five straight hours of its company. It was certainly a lot more faithful to me than Cherie was. — Peter FitzSimons



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AVARICE



A TAXING TIME

Maybe the best things in life are not free after all, but I'm damned sure a bloke can have a fine time without spending too much money.

Which is just great until tax time rolls around and you've got to find as many legitimate expenditure items as you can. Luckily, the reforms of the tax system have reduced the number of legit business expenses we can claim against our tax so we no longer have to go through the annual agony of trying to write off every Friday night at the pub with the boys...

Transubstantiation has been an issue in the Church. Substantiation is now an issue in tax returns. This means: keep all bus tickets.

"All right Mr Quicksilver, what's this \$250 travelling claim?"

"Oh that, sir? [Always be polite to policemen, ladies and tax collectors.] That's my bus fares between one place of work and another."

"And can you substantiate that claim?"

"Certainly, sir," and you then tip out the jam jar full of scrunched up tiny bits of paper. Unwrap a couple and smooth them out for him.

"Now look here," he may well say, "you could've got them anywhere. Pulled 'em out of the rubbish bins on the bus even."

Which, I'm sure, some unscrupulous types will do. That is, if the swine can't claim the cost of driving the Rolls Royce between offices. But that's not the way the game is played; for the object is not only to seem holier than thou, but to be so. And then you can seem and act even holier...

"Well sir, I may have pulled all these from the rubbish bins on the bus... but I didn't. I bought them, day by day. If you look you can see they all bear serial numbers which are in no way consecutive. I believe that if you check with the omnibus authorities — you can gain access to their records, no doubt — and if you check my numbers against their issuing re-

cords and route records you will find that each ticket could only have been purchased on the route from my home office to my town office on various dates from July 1 last year to June 30 this year. Here, let me help you"... and at this point you smooth out a couple more.

Anyway, one of the basic tenets of common law, as practised in the civilised world, is the presumption of innocence. I don't have to prove my innocence, they have to prove my guilt. The same should apply to substantiation. I should not have to prove I actually did catch all these bus rides, the evidence of which is a jar full of bus tickets. If they don't believe me they must prove my fraud.

Chalk one up for the taxpayer.

Of course, having been made to look a fool on this matter the taxman will come down like a ton of bricks as soon as you make the

merest slip in any of your other claims. So maybe the best things in life aren't that cheap after all.

Thus, one of the cardinal rules when doing your tax: you can't win every time. Even if you do — for a while — you will simply raise their dander and they will muster a task force with the object of reducing one smartarse taxpayer to an abject grovelling wreck. Your phones will be tapped, you will be under 24-hour surveillance and they'll send in beautiful women to trap you into something. For hell hath no fury like a woman scorned or a tax gatherer of whom mock has been made.

All we can do is try to chisel away the odd dollar here and there. And is it worth it? To get busted swindling the Commonwealth of Australia of \$3.38 is not going to get us a custodial sentence. In all probability they will overlook the matter, although I



fear that from time to time the good gentlemen of the Tax Office will make an example of some poor wage slave by running him through the gauntlet of the law and setting him to breaking rocks for falsely claiming a \$23 torsion wrench which was in fact supplied free of charge by his employer.

But, of course, some Aussie moguls can make billions in profit and pay only millions in tax and get away with it because they have a corporate structure — and they're much cleverer than you and I and the taxman.

The taxman is, really, just another bloke like you or me. You don't know how these zillionaires do it, I have only the vaguest notion, and the taxman doesn't want to know — not, at least, at the levels which deal with people like us. Our taxman knows, however, how we do it. He probably pulls the same stunts. So keep 'em small.

And don't worry too much about it if the rich can get away with blue murder and we're still pinching chewing gum. Because it's us who get all the benefits of all that tax money. Our taxes pay the politicians' salaries and upkeep of their units in Canberra — well away from us decent folk. The poor old corporate pirates have to actually meet the bastards. Our taxes pay for the dole and the unmarried mothers' pension and things like that. We'll need these things one day — the rich won't. Our taxes pay for such wonderful aids to transportation as trains and monorails. The rich don't use them. And our taxes pay to keep up an army of public servants whose sole task in life is to cover the businessman with a blizzard of rules and regulations and forms to fill in and returns to file and prohibitions and duties and whatnot.

While being a wage slave may not be the best thing in the world, it is relatively free of the clammy grip of the bureaucratic hand. And at least they haven't whacked a tax on sex ... yet. — David Quicksilver

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ENVY

It was a Greek chap by the name of Minnervus who wrote that we are all clever enough at envying a famous man while he is alive and at praising him when he's dead. He scribbled it back in the 7th Century BC. Seems the only good celebrity was a dead celebrity even in those days.

But you had to work a lot harder to get famous and be remembered back then — none of your Andy Warhol "everyone's famous for 15 minutes" mularky. You had to do something pretty damned substantial — be a philosopher, a playwright, an orator or a politician — before folks began stopping you on the steps of the Parthenon and saying, "Hey, aren't you Sophocles? Loved your last yarn."

You couldn't become a Greek rock star, you couldn't get famous for doing commercials for your used chariot yard, you couldn't become a Greek gameshow host, because I'm led to believe they didn't have television in those days. Sure, they had their own version of soaps. They called them "tragedies", but it wasn't the same. The actress who played Antigone wasn't pestered by idiotic fans in the supermarket and young would-be starlets couldn't elbow the person next to them and say, "That's me on TV, third from the left in the chorus."

They had comedies, too, and presumably comedians. I think there's even a joke that dates from 700BC: "Euripides pants, you buy me some more." My research may be a bit wonky, but I think it's a greatly exaggerated rumor that democracy was invented so we could all vote Daryl Sommers for the Gold Logie.

When Minnervus was extant, fame may have been something to be truly envied in life and praised in death. But that's all changed. Do you envy Cameron Daddo? Ian Turpie? Tony Barber? Linda Evans? Joan Collins? Fame isn't worth the TV *Weeks* it's printed on these days, so who needs it?

I do not envy fame, nor greatly



NOTHING EXCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

respect it. I am human enough to like the idea of everyone knowing my name for good reasons, but also human enough to harbor a niggling anxiety about what I would become if fate rubber-stamped me "Really Big Star." In short, I don't trust myself.

I've thought about it. I lay awake one night and worried that I'd turn into another John Belushi. Not Marilyn Monroe — I don't have the raw material. Not Elvis Presley — fame wouldn't catch me young enough to turn me into a *real* weirdo and the idea of wearing a nappy, eating a deep-fried peanut butter and banana sandwich while watching hired nymphets in white cottontails pillowfighting doesn't turn me on. It was Belushi who worried me.

Like, perhaps I'll do something remarkably good by accident and all of a sudden I'll have more money than I know what to do with and all these buggers will be hanging around telling me how fabulously talented I am until I dare to believe it but secretly fear that I cannot maintain the level of their expectations. And people will be saying, "Here, have this cocaine" and "Will you please come to this wild celebrity party and drink and take a lot of drugs and have obscenely handsome and interesting men fighting for the privilege of fucking you?" I mean, how could I say no?

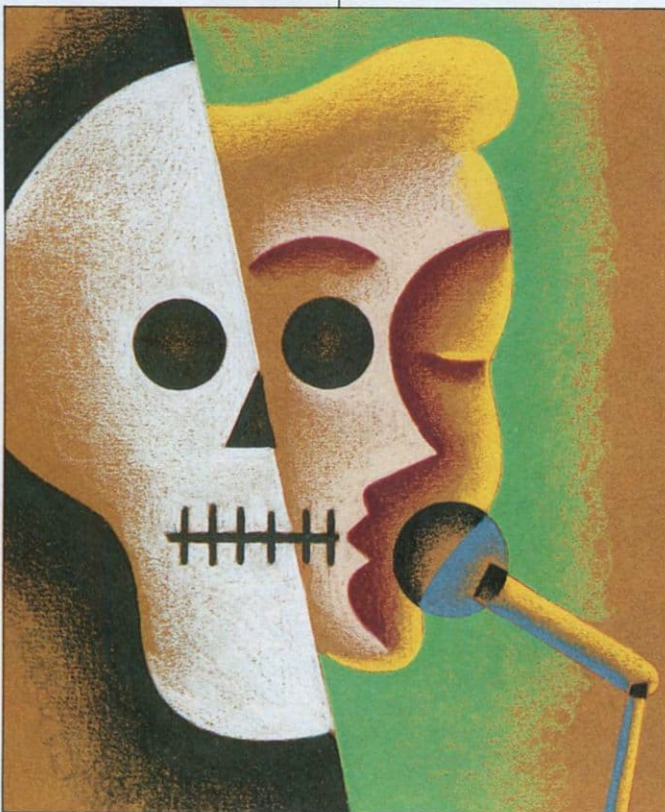
An ugly picture flickers on the Hanimex. "Drugs, C.J.?" "Don't mind if I do. Snortedy-snort." "In for an all-nighter, Seej?" "You know me, slick and sleazy.

Where's the party?" "Come up and see my Oscar sometime, Miss Mackay." "Hey, call me C.J. You don't catch me calling you Mr Beatty, do you? Is it as big as they say?"

Disgusting. Oh, the temptation of it all. It would be too easy to succumb like Belushi. He was the man who never slept, whose life became one big bender. They say he buried his face in a mound of cocaine and had centrefold girls lick it off. He gorged himself on his own success — ate too much of it, screwed too much of it — all the while himself consumed by insecurity.

They'd probably find me like Belushi. Blue and bloated as a dead Blues Brother. Arms mozzie-infested with track marks, the fit and the smack and the coke by the bed with the crumpled cigarette packets and grease-spotted pizza boxes. Thomas Noguchi would do the autopsy. "Throat congested with bile and phlegm," he'd report. "Brain twice its normal weight, not unusual in addicts. Bladder severely distended to three times normal urine endurance level, also not unusual in drug cases. Death by overdose of narcotics." That's what they said about Belushi. The guy drowned in vomit, phlegm, piss and celebrity.

He was praised in death, but just as it was in Minnervus's day, praise gets pretty faint when you're lying under six feet of dirt. Andy Warhol might even be saying that on the seance circuit. Fame's dangerous. Just ask Marilyn Monroe and Elvis, Howard Hughes and Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Lenny Bruce and all the rest of those dead guys. It is to be handled with care, and even when you do that there's always someone ready to step out of the crowd with an autograph book and a gun. What's to envy? Another glass of mediocrity, barman! Make it a double. Who'd be famous and dead for quids, eh? I enjoy living too much. And sometimes that's what worries me. — C.J. Mackay





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Quentin Crisp, that witty and far from conservative author and raconteur, once defined style as "knowing exactly who you are." I'll counter that observation with one of my own: It's often pretty hard to know just who you are because most of us are made up, in part, of little bits of others. No wonder it takes so long, if ever, for most of us to achieve a personal style.

A man's role models may or may not be considered morally worthy; no matter, because consciously or unconsciously he emulates them and so develops new facets of his own personality.

The man who wants to ride 'n' rope and French inhale like the Marlboro man isn't necessarily a latter day Walter Mitty, the loser who fashions a vicarious existence from his fantasies. He may simply want to develop those assets of his own makeup that he deems desirably macho. So what if he isn't lean, lanky and strong of jaw — he can always learn to French inhale.

I was recently at a supper club where a very urbane gentleman from New York performed show tunes from the Twenties and Thirties. Part way through the evening, an elderly couple were seated at a table in the centre of the room. He was distinguished, late 70s, immaculately dressed in dinner jacket, his snowy moustache bristling with *brío*. As he listened to the songs of his youth, the gentleman lip-synched the words to his equally elegant companion. He was obviously fantasising himself in the role of Astaire. Everyone else in the room wanted to be him.

One of my favorite Woody Allen

films is *Play It Again, Sam*. In it, Woody wants to be just like his tough guy screen hero role model, Humphrey Bogart — cool, sardonic and a lady killer. The real life Woody Allen once claimed that as a kid he wanted to be a gangster "until he realised he was too short." And I wonder how many scrawny, bespectacled 90-pound weaklings take comfort from the existence of that scrawny, bespectacled comic genius, Woody Allen.

Because role modelling works both ways. We emulate the accessible characteristics of those whom we admire, but we also take comfort in those traits in ourselves that we fancy we see in our heroes.

A friend of mine — a big man, tall and expansively overweight — capitalised on his size by affecting a personality based on what his friends perceived as a

blend of Sidney Greenstreet and a young Orson Welles. My friend developed a flair for the dramatic: he'd clench his pipe ruminatively between his teeth while he considered his next remark a la Welles, and leered fascinatingly in a humorously threatening parody of Greenstreet's Count Fosco in *The Woman In White*. He even took to exclaiming "Faugh!" in the fashion of the best Victorian melodrama.

My friend seized on the theatrical possibilities of his size, finding role models to mould them around. It worked: he was immensely sought after as a dinner companion, a host and, I suspect, as a lover as well. It's as well to bear in mind the advice, now hackneyed from overexposure through the centuries, but nonetheless valid, of Polonius to Hamlet: "To thine own self be true." The hard part is having a

fairly clear idea of who you are to begin with. My friend had the happy knack of seeing himself in expansively dramatic terms, so it was logical for him to model some of his behavior on equally oversized personalities.

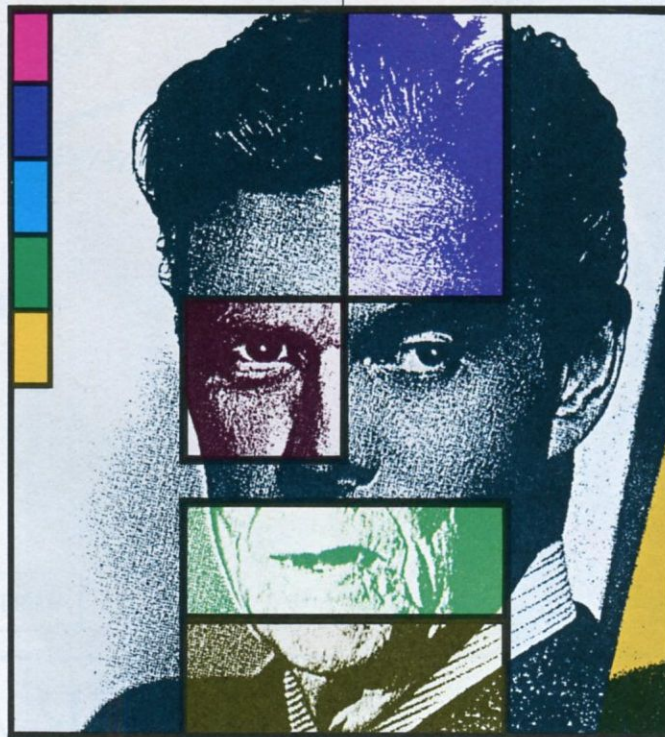
Tragedy can come of trying to effect a total personality graft on to yourself, particularly when the personality you seek to assume is totally alien.

The effects of some of the more violent film heroes of late are a worry. So little of their characters portray anything beyond a capacity for violence — and loving it. And yet the cult following for the Dirty Harrys, Rambos and Terminators grows daily. Clint Eastwood may have serious political ambitions, based on real concern for the environment; Schwarzenegger may be motivated by a sincere belief in man's duty to strive for top class physical fitness; but what these men are *projecting* on screen are the destructive elements of their fictitious personalities. And unfortunately, that's what many among the audience are identifying with.

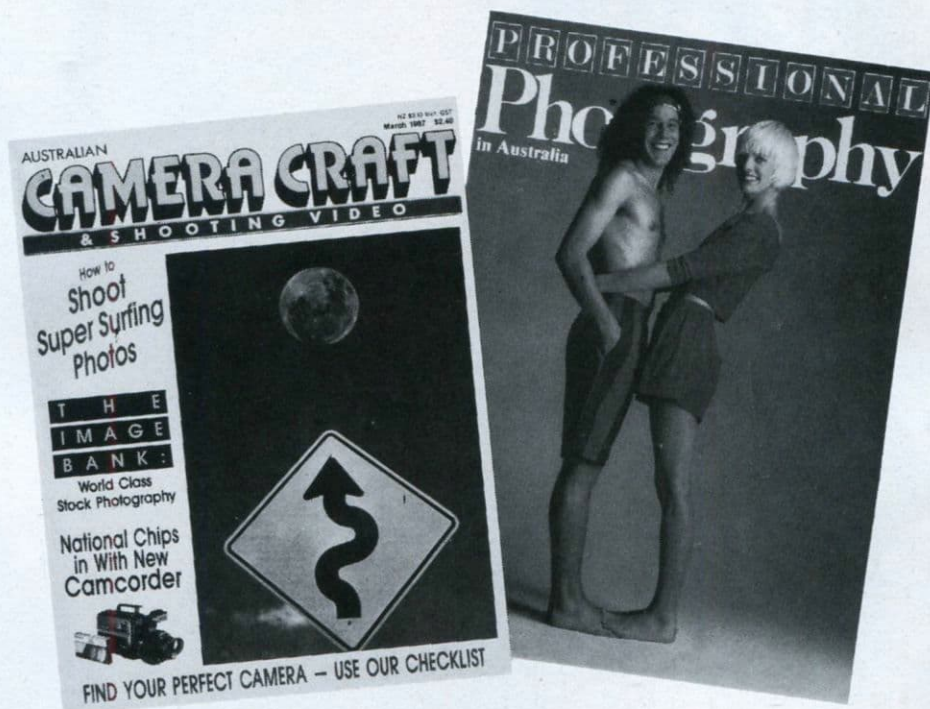
It makes you long for the days when a bloke with a good line in table conversation and a clean dinner suit was everybody's idea of the ideal man.

Of course, real trouble can arise when a man's self-image becomes bound up in his role model. A certain president of a certain North American country, which shall remain nameless, appears to be in the throes of just such a confusion. A former actor, he seems to have cobbled together a personality based on a pastiche of all the roles he has ever played. And since all of these roles existed in B-grade movies, this pastiche personality is, to say the least, a bit confused . . .

It pays to be selective when you choose your role models — if you can. At least be aware of the fact that even the most gloriously satisfying fantasy object is only human, after all. Never forget — even Muhammad Ali has feet of Clay. — Mary Ellen Dyster



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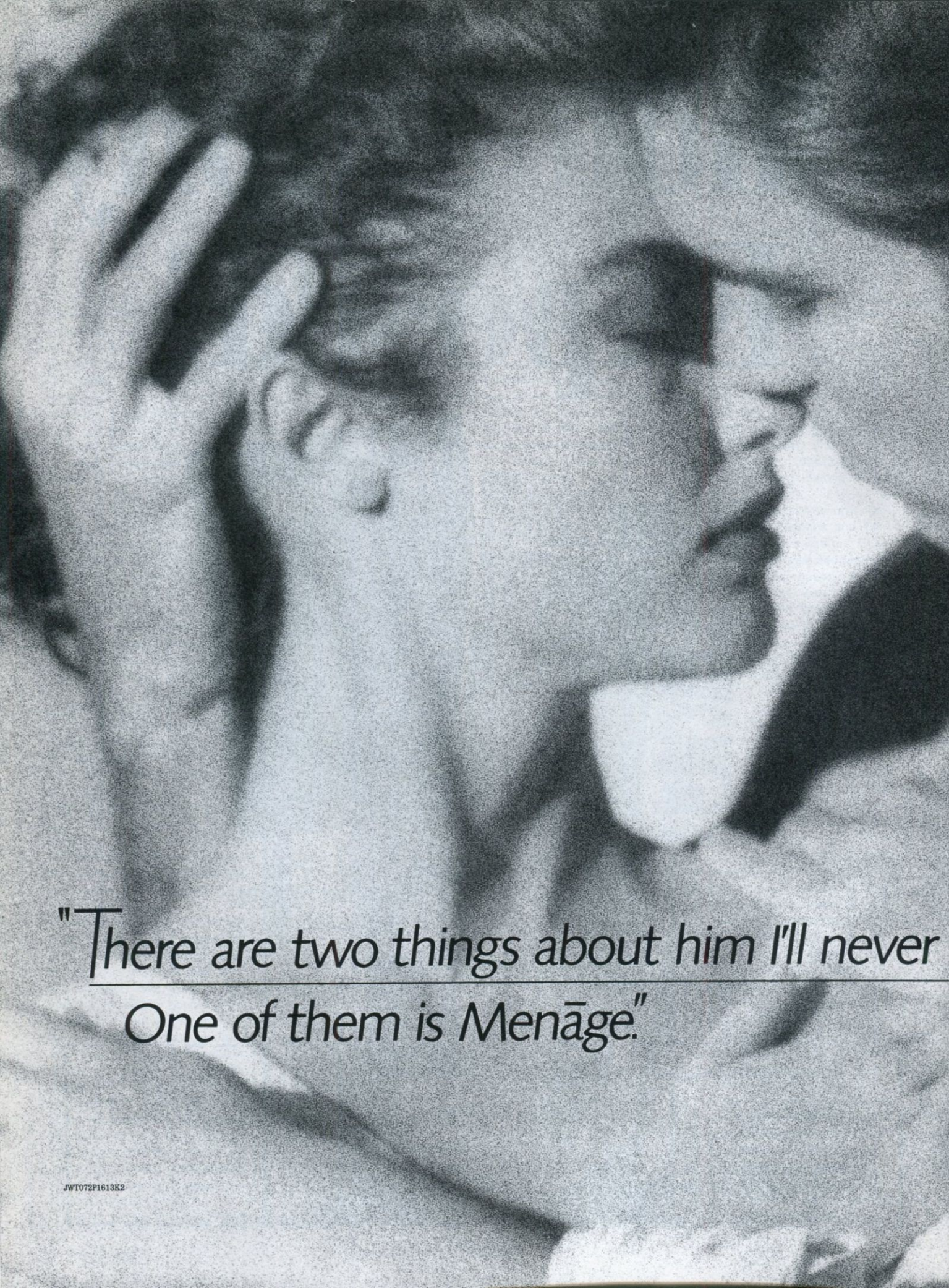
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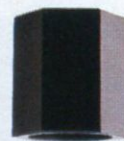
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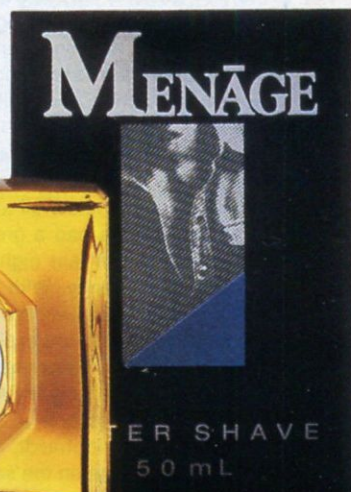
*"There are two things about him I'll never
One of them is Menāge."*



forget.



Some
things
linger
in
a
woman's
memory.



GLUTTONY



FOOD BORES

I like and know a lot about food, otherwise I wouldn't be writing this column. Like Art Buchwald, the American humorist, I would be distraught to discover that my kids had drunk a case of Mouton Rothschild just because the Blue Nun ran out. But what I'm coming to loathe, and the reason for the following diatribe, are those inescapable food bores who can't seem to talk about anything else.

With a boorishness more menacing than computer converts, these relentless recent gourmets not only tell you what to eat but judge your whole personality by this criterion. The last is a moot point — the food revolution has, in fact, produced a whole new breed of men. Alas, for women, most of them are in the "Must Avoid" category. More of that later.

Food fads today make those K-Tel gadgets of the Seventies look like significant social trends. Just when you thought it was safe to come out of the water and eat raw fish, northern Italian sweeps in like Hannibal over the Alps. The fish nets and aged Chianti bottles vanish from your favorite trattoria in favour of duck-egg blue walls. Luigi, your second papa, is replaced by a nationalist firebrand with a tight arse encased in Armani trousers. Meanwhile down at the Chinese, ordering a sweet and sour anything earns you the same kudos as wearing a ripped Chesty Bond to a classical concert.

You simply can't talk about the last good meal you had these days without some know-all topping you. "Gee, we had a great fettucine with pesto last night," you venture innocently. With as much seemingly casual venom as possible, someone is sure to pipe up that you haven't eaten pasta until you've had the tortellini alla panna at the famous hole in the wall eatery in Leichhardt. Of course, it only opens on the second Tuesday of every month and strangers are turned away at the door.

So you like tasty cheese, do

you? Oh god, how *yesterday*. The only cheeses "everybody" eats and discusses are goat cheeses wrapped in decaying plant matter or rolled in grey ash — the type of appetising vision that makes you wonder if the first guy who ate them was forced to at the point of a sword.

My grandmother used to think you were sick if you couldn't manage half a bullock and 50 kilos of potatoes. We used to laugh then, but sometimes I catch myself wondering if we've gone too far. Sure, we've gone on from those scientific experiment portions of the Seventies, but those good old comfort meals that you got rowdy over and got comfort from have passed into the history books. The mousse-keteers have won.

Okay, let's look at the "New

Men" the new food has bred. I now yearn for the Marlboro Man. The type who never looked at a menu because steak — blood-rare — was his constant order. You threw together a chocolate mousse from a packet and he thought you were Mandrake the Magician. He thought calamari was an Italian soccer player. He stayed out of the kitchen and let you eat cheesecake without a lip-curling "All those calories."

In his stead, we have the guy who name-drops top chefs and cookbook authors incessantly and asks you if you've tried meshiwa. The New Man who selects the vegetable platter and gives you a rundown of every recipe Lelord Kordel ever wrote. Cholesterol is said with the distaste normally reserved for the

word Nazi and he's always telling you he's trying to save your life.

Any man who asks for a glass of port, some fresh pears and walnuts instead of dessert should be avoided at all costs. The Born-Again Gourmet will bore everyone rigid with non-stop anecdotes about the latest in Cajun and Tex-Mex and you risk getting fat. Mr Hot and Spicy, the Mexican, Indian and Thai freak, may intimate that the incendiary taste on the plate flows straight to the hot rod. It's a fallacy. The Eno's Kid usually spends more time searching for a chemist than conducting a guided tour over a woman's body.

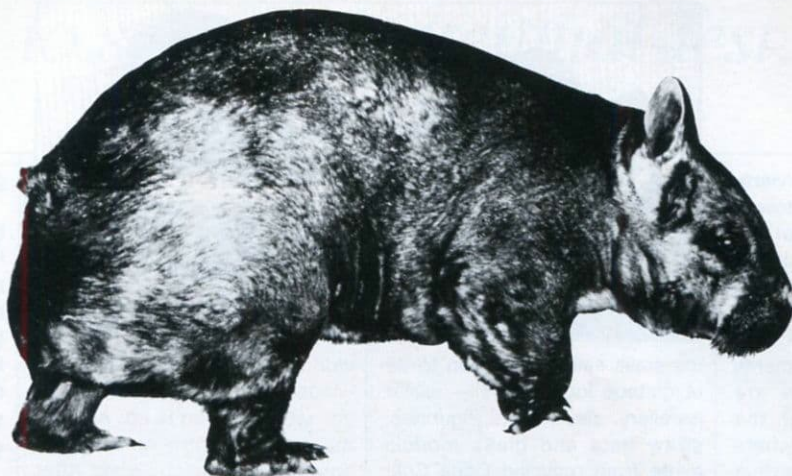
Before I get carried away, super-foodies haven't got a monopoly on the wide-berth charts. The Play the White Man type is another no-no. Pasta, mashed potatoes, lots of bread and chips make up the drift of his snowscape meals. At best, he'd be as exciting in bed as a slightly mobile hunk of Philadelphia cheese. At worst, widowhood would come early.

The same lonely fag-end of life fate is likely with the All-Australian Boy. A separate species from the Marlboro man, in that he likes things really cooked — overcooked. Everything must be fried in lots of hot oil and crisp-cooked is a description for sun-burn, not vegetables. He'll marry anyone for regular fixes of big apple pie — he likes two or three wedges.

So what is the approach for food bores and potential "beat them off with a stick" men? The ideal food lover is someone who appreciates a great big hamburger or cauldron of homemade soup one night and wants to go to Chez Oz, Two Faces, Bretts or Neddy's the next. Someone who can laugh with you whether you're drinking Diet Coke or vintage champagne. Whether you've dined on a Pizza Hut Supreme or the chocolate charlotte at the Regent hotel, someone who makes you feel thrilled to be alive when the meal is over. — Elisabeth King



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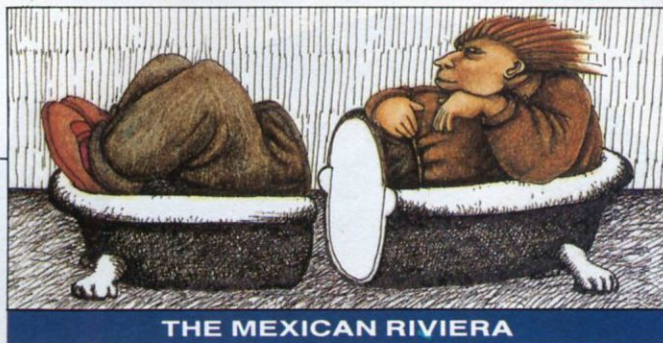
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SLOTH



THE MEXICAN RIVIERA

On the Mexican Riviera, you won't find towns like San Miguel de Allende, all charming colonial atmosphere now strictly protected by historic preservation codes. People stay out at nights because families are large and apartments are small. Whole towns are sprawling extensions of the Moorish patios in Spain where friends and family gather, and that explains by extension the intimate domestic quality of coastal Mexico. The Mexicans provide the theatre: we and they are the show.

In the larger towns of Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta, subtlety is as easy to find as a home-made tortilla. The high and mighty dollar has swept away fantasy visions of legendary "silver cities" and *recherche* fishing villages. What it hasn't swept away is the stunning beauty of Acapulco's and Puerto Vallarta's crescent-shaped bays. What it has brought is an endless list of sports, restaurants, shops and nightspots to knock you out. The uninhibited enthusiasm of a young, bronzed and dangerously close to being but not quite naughty crowd.

The cheapest way to get to these jazzy playgrounds is via a Sitmar/Continental Airlines fly/cruise. I jumped ship for a nine-day sashay from LA through Cabo San Lucas, Acapulco, Zihuatanejo and Puerto Vallarta. The Mexican peso is in a hundred times worse shape than our dollar. In short, the entry fee to one of the world's longest running parties remains low.

Our first stop was Cabo San Lucas, a hiccup on the rugged tip of the Baja Peninsula. Best known of the town's attractions are the marlin, tarpon and sailfish that flock to the waters there. At the height of the season, visitors can dock four to six marlin each. The sight of the fish — hung by their tails in valiant defeat — won't appeal to all, but those who long for Hemingwayesque deep sea battles will find nowhere better.

Strung out along the quay are

the stalls selling the soon to be ubiquitous local crafts — silver jewellery, clay masks, figurines, straw hats and glass models made from recycled Coca Cola bottles.

The first sip of a margarita, coupled with the restorative heat, is all the acclimatisation you need in Acapulco. Not a sleepy manana resort, it is a commercial port with nearly 1.5 million inhabitants — the sort of place in which to hype yourself up, not down. The succulent seafood, the wraparound luxury of the hotels and the slick discos co-exist with factories, offices and slums. A Mexican microcosm, this is where Indian children press cheap but touchingly tasteful souvenirs on you in the shade of the mega-buck hostleries.

Acapulco's beaches are among the best in the tropical

world. Surfing, scuba-diving and windsurfing are the main activities while the sun is up. At night the crowds centre on the non-stop lineup of beach discos. After paying a 3000 peso (\$6) cover charge, you can choose from a madwoman's knitting mesh of daiquiris to deaden the deafening din from the amps.

No visit to Acapulco is worth a devalued peso unless you take in the famous high divers at La Quebrada — the Gorge. Big waves break shallow on razor-edge rocks. Quick prayers before each dive, and then, from a tiny niche in the sheer rock face, the divers spring out to plunge 40 metres into the foaming surf. Years of practice make the feat look as deceptively simple as the Elvis fake-take in *Fun At Acapulco*, but a small slip is the difference between climbing out and

going under permanently.

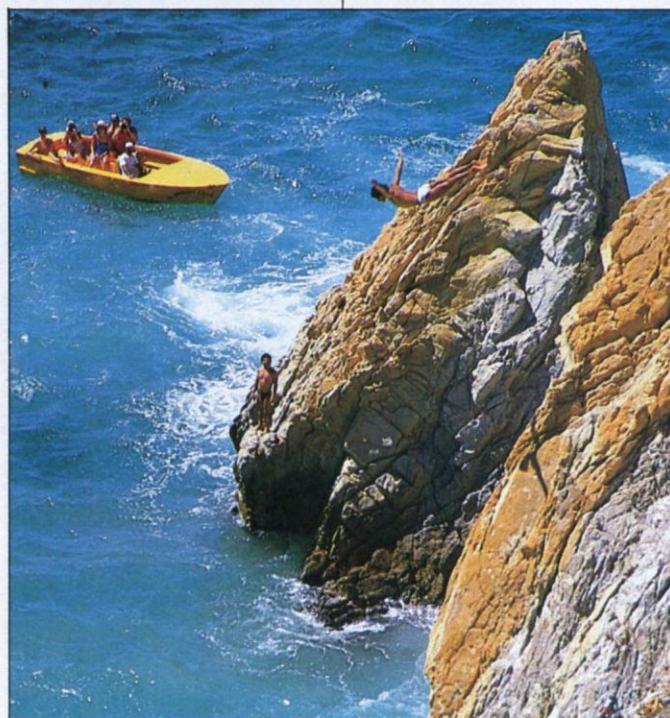
If someone offered me a round trip to Heaven or Puerto Vallarta, I'd have to think about it. The long beautiful beach south of the bridge over Gringo Gulch is one of the most hauntingly beautiful settings I have ever seen. A terracotta veil of a sunset turns the sight to the purest form of entertainment.

Unlike Acapulco, "PV" (as its aficionados call it) retains its soul. After Liz and Dick (Saints Burton and Taylor in local minds) discovered the charm of its tiled roofs and cobbled streets in the Sixties, the town's population zoomed from 20 hundred to 20 thousand. That said, the collective magic of the multi-million dollar villas, crown-topped cathedral, intimate main square and pearl necklace of beaches are the memories you take away, not the frozen yoghurt shops, condos or American exile bars.

The outrageous is taken in stride in PV. Local legend tells of three Mexican textile millionaires who cut a swath through local restaurants and bars. During dinner at one bodega, where tradition demands hurling empty tequila glasses into the fireplace, the trio carried the practice a bit further. Not just crystal but also the crockery was pitched into the fire as the laidback owner added astronomical amounts of pesos to the tab. When their table was bare, the revellers dismantled the chairs. With all the furniture gone, the men then threw on all they had left: fistfuls of \$100 bills.

But if you're after the quiet life, as most are, the place to go is Chee-Chee's Hideaway at Mis-maloya. To the left is the old film set of *Night Of The Iguana*, the Burton-starring vehicle after *Cleopatra*, watched, if not participated in, by Taylor. Round the bend is Los Arcos, the rocky outcrop with most claim to the title "skindiver's nirvana." The view from here offers the most prepossessing outlook of the wild beauty of a coastline that once belonged only to the Indians and animals.

— Elisabeth King



High diving at La Quebrada . . . one of Acapulco's attractions.

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Police reports indicate no suspicious circumstances surrounding Jane Butterworth's death. Further investigations suggest sinister and shocking implications

THE SIGN OF ASMODEUS

BY DR GEOFFREY E. SMITH

Jane Butterworth was discovered lying on her back, naked, on the floor of the small living room of her flat in South Yarra, Melbourne. An attractive 21-year-old, she had apparently died quite peacefully, with a slight smile on her face. Her arms were outstretched and beside each hand was a small black candle, unlit. According to the police report there were no suspicious marks on the body and no syringes or tablets nearby to suggest suicide or an accidental overdose. The flat was neat and tidy and a thorough search revealed no drugs, nor any sign of forced entry or burglary.

A post-mortem was conducted, but with no result. Every major organ was sound. According to the death certificate Jane died from "status lymphaticus", a deliberately vague medical term which simply means no obvious cause of death could be found. A three-line obituary in the local paper, the *Southern Cross*, pointed out that foul play was not suspected.

I happen to have personal knowledge of the case of Jane Butterworth — knowledge which throws a very sinister light on the nature of her death. In fact, it's almost certain that a particularly nasty form of foul play was responsible, in one way or

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT MARSHALL



ASMODEUS

another, for her demise. Jane's story involves witchcraft, sexual sacrifice, sadism, prostitution and drugs — all under the direction of a coven of Devil worshippers who specialised in the exploitation and degradation of naive young girls.

Jane was a friend of my daughter and I came to know her quite well. A quiet girl, even reserved, she eventually told me the whole of her story over a period of four months and a dozen or so taped conversations. An only child, she'd been brought up in the northern suburbs of Melbourne and after finishing school she'd begun an Arts degree at La Trobe University. Unable to settle into the course, she deferred after one year. That led to a series of rows at home and finally Jane left to live with a girlfriend in Prahran. She did some odd jobs, mostly waitressing, until her flatmate left for Sydney and Jane had to find all the money for the place herself. Shortly afterwards she met Peter (a pseudonym) at a disco in Chapel Street.

"He was a different sort of guy," she recalled. "Plenty of money, a Porsche, and a nice flat in Toorak. I went there a few times, then began spending the night with him. Next thing I was living there. One day he started talking about these 'special' parties he knew about in a house in St Kilda."

Peter told Jane she would enjoy the

"Temple" — his name for the St Kilda house. "We were close at the time and I started to get interested. He didn't tell me any details, just hinted at things. Eventually I agreed to go with him. I'd known him for about six weeks by then."

It was a Friday night at about 8.30pm when the couple arrived at the Temple — a large, detached house in a street running off Chapel Street at the St Kilda end. The place was double-fronted, old, but in good order, the gardens well kept and enclosed by a high fence. A man opened the door and the pair followed him into a luxuriously carpeted sitting room off the hall. They were left alone for ten minutes, seated on a beige-colored settee and listening to quiet piped music. Peter did not speak at all and Jane was becoming nervous.

"Then the door opened and the 'Master' came in. Peter introduced him that way and I never knew him by any other name. He was good-looking, well-groomed, and well-preserved — about 45 I'd say. Black hair neatly styled, fine features, very dark eyes. A tall, thin man with beautifully long, delicate fingers. He was wearing a business suit — a good one — with a blue and white shirt, a striped tie, and well polished shoes. Peter explained to him that I wanted to join the Temple."

Then the Master began to ask a series of questions. His deep voice betrayed what Jane thought was a cultured English accent. How old was she? What was her

job? Where did her parents live? After about 20 minutes he seemed satisfied and produced a piece of paper — a membership form, Jane was told. Glancing through the form, he explained that the Temple was a very exclusive club. Membership was by invitation only and the club had certain rules. Jane would be allowed to become a "probationary" member for one month, during which time she'd be expected to visit the Temple twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday nights. If she wanted to cancel her application for membership during the probationary period she could do so. Jane signed the form in the presence of the Master and Peter, who acted as witnesses. The Master took it and left the room.

"What happens next?" Jane asked Peter.

"Wait and see."

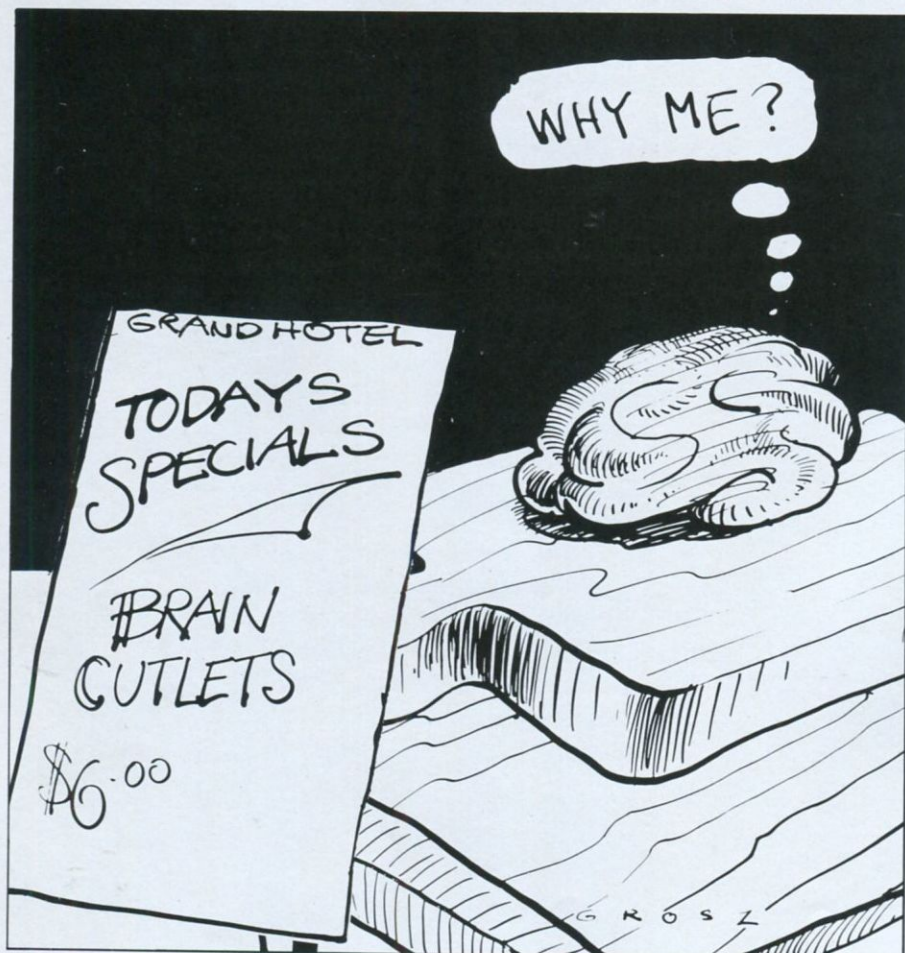
A few minutes later, a stocky middle-aged woman entered, wearing a white uniform in the manner of a nurse or dental receptionist. "I'm Matron," she announced. "I will help you prepare for the Temple. Please follow me." Jane looked at Peter, who winked encouragingly.

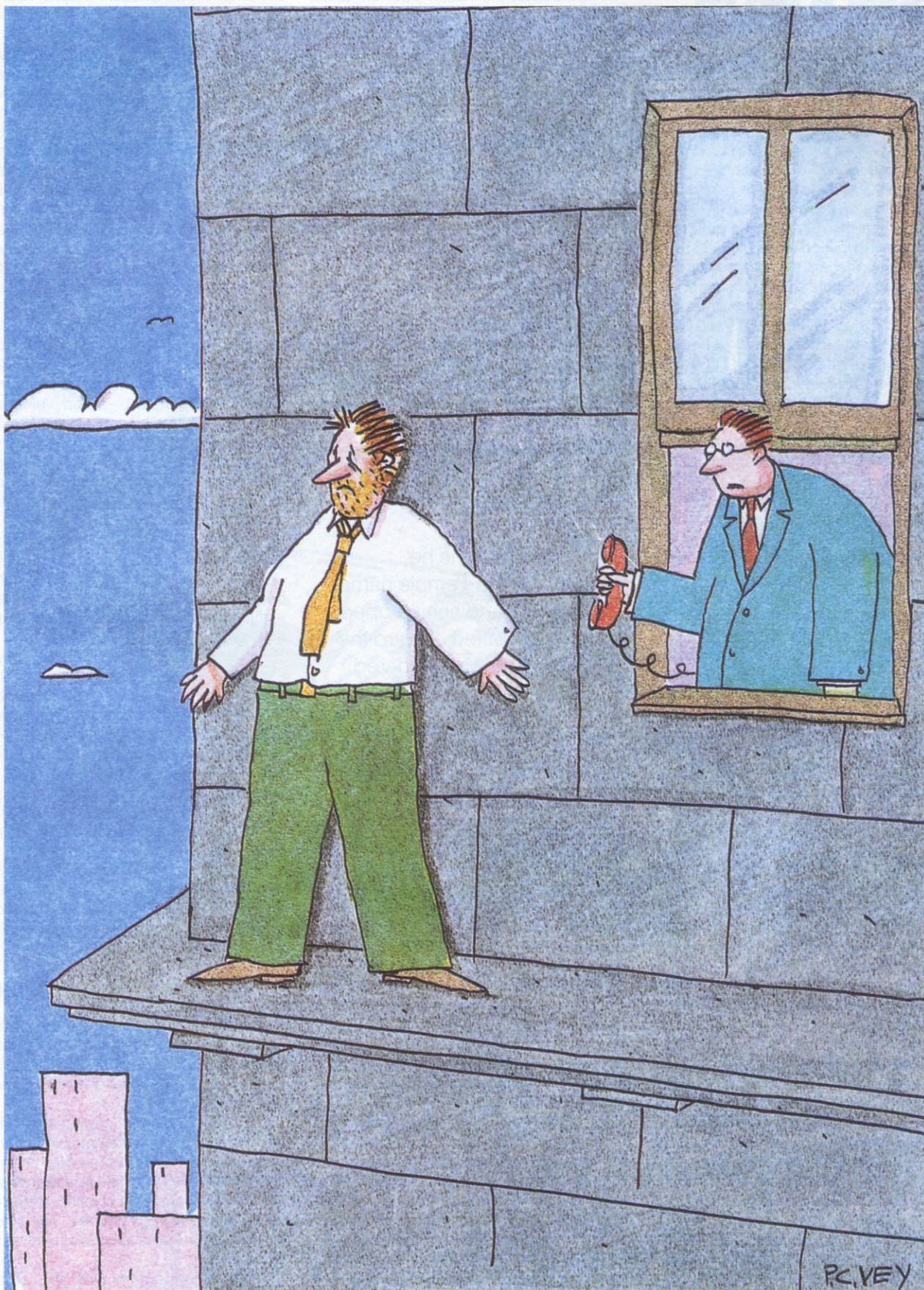
She followed the Matron up a wide staircase and into a beautifully decorated bedroom containing a shower unit. "Please take a shower. Then I'll give you your massage," the Matron directed. When that task had been expertly performed — "It was all very pleasant" — Matron passed her a short white silk tunic "not particularly stylish but beautiful quality", and directed her to a dressing table for a make-up application. "It was fun," Jane recalled. "All a bit theatrical, but interesting . . . She concentrated on the eyes. An ancient Egyptian look, I'd call it. Nefertiti perhaps."

The young novice was now ready for the Temple. She followed Matron down a staircase at the back of the house, then along a corridor at the end of which stood seven other girls, "all about my age and made-up like me. When they saw me one or two smiled but no-one spoke. Then a door opened and we trooped into the Temple."

It was, thought Jane, rather like a stage setting. A very large rectangular room with a high ceiling, walls painted a dark blue and covered with carefully painted symbols — triangles, stars, pentagrams, crescent moons. The carpet, thick and luxurious, was also dark blue. In each corner of the room, about halfway up to the ceiling, spotlights were positioned which focused on certain furnishings . . . an altar at the far end of the room, a pair of candlesticks, some golden goblets, a knife with a jewelled handle and a long curved blade, and some other objects Jane couldn't identify. To the right of the altar, eight men were standing in a semi-circle. "They were wearing long black robes with hoods — like monks — although their feet were bare and each wore a black mask over his face."

Jane insisted that even at this stage she felt no fear. "I had decided that Peter was





"It's your broker. He wants to know
if it's okay to bang your wife. He figures that since you've lost everything else . . ."

ASMODEUS

one of the 'monks', and I think I was feeling quite excited. Anyway, the leading girl walked towards the left side of the altar and we formed up in a semi-circle facing the monks. There was some strange music being played — not loud but sort of hypnotic — and there was a strange smell in the Temple . . . not perfume and not incense, but a sweet and pleasant smell. Suddenly the monks started chanting — not in English. I looked at the girl beside me but she was staring straight ahead. The chanting was in time to the music and the monks had begun to gently sway, backwards and forwards. I found myself doing the same thing. I don't know whether I started to doze off or what, but I suddenly realised that the Master had appeared and was standing in front of the altar. He too was wearing a robe, but the hood hadn't been raised and he wasn't wearing a mask. He raised a hand and the music and chanting stopped."

Jane continued: "The Master started to read from a book, but the 'service' was in Latin. Every now and then the monks chanted responses, also in Latin. Then the Master handed his book to a monk and turned toward the altar. He lifted the dagger and placed the blade into a liquid in one of the goblets. More strange incantations, more responses from the monks. Finally he replaced the dagger on the altar and passed the goblet to the girl nearest him. She took a sip and passed it along the line. Eventually it reached me and I took a small sip. It didn't taste of anything, but very shortly my lips and tongue began to feel numb. I didn't know what to do with the goblet. The master came over and took it. He replaced it on the altar but picked up another goblet, which was passed along the line of monks. By now I was beginning to feel light-headed."

When all the monks had partaken of the mysterious liquid, three of them moved forward and cleared the altar. The master called out a name — "Astarte" — and the girl adjacent to Jane stepped forward. She removed her tunic, letting it fall to the floor beside her. She moved — "trancelike", according to Jane — toward the altar, where the Master took her hand and helped her to climb on top of it. Jane noticed that she was smiling and her eyes were closed.

The music started again — the same simple, hypnotic tune as before. "The monks began swaying and chanting," Jane recalled. "And the Master began disrobing. Soon he stood naked, and huge — and I mean huge. Then, with little ado, he climbed on to the altar and mounted the girl. While this performance was going on — and it seemed to go on for quite a long time — the girl next but one to me passed another goblet, and this time I took a good drink. Within a minute, whatever was in the drink began to take effect. I felt marvellous.

I began to enjoy the Master's performance, which was still proceeding. I started to sway, and I was feeling really randy. The monks, too, were obviously getting restless. The music seemed louder as the gyrations of the monks and the girls became more abandoned. Suddenly the monks started stripping off — all but their masks. Then the girls joined in. All the tunics came off, including mine. All the time the Master was thrusting, then relaxing, into the girl spreadeagled on the altar. I remember thinking that I must look out for Peter — but to be honest, there were seven girls and eight men and we all enjoyed ourselves one way or another. I don't know how long we went on for."

In the early hours of the morning Jane and Peter returned to their flat. The next day, Jane could recall all the events of that evening, and said she hadn't regretted her adventure. "In fact, I was looking forward to my next visit."

“

This time he called Jane's Temple name, "Diana", and she stepped forward, naked, toward the altar. She was prepared for anything.

”

She returned, as instructed, each Tuesday and Friday for the following month. On each visit, much the same sort of performance took place at the Temple. It was during this time that Peter introduced her to cocaine. Jane had previously smoked marijuana "once or twice" and had used no other drugs. "Peter produced the cocaine one night in the flat and I tried it. From then on we used it regularly. He said we could get as much as we needed from the Master. He didn't mention anything about the cost — not then, anyway."

After her month on probation, Jane had to be "initiated" before she could become a "Sister of the Temple." She did not know exactly what this entailed, but was soon to find out. The service was the same as before, up to the point when the Master would call a girl forward to perform for him. This time he called Jane's Temple name — "Diana" — and she stepped forward, naked, toward the altar. She'd taken a larger than usual drink from the goblet and was prepared for anything. But there was a ritual to be performed first.

"This night the master spoke in English. He asked first if I was prepared to become

the Bride of Asmodeus. I'd never heard of Asmodeus but I said yes. Then he explained that as a Sister of the Temple, the secrets of Asmodeus would be revealed to me. Was I ready for this? And did I realise the fearful consequences that would befall me if I ever revealed these secrets to an unbeliever? I said I was ready and mumbled something about never revealing them."

The Master went on to explain that before she became the Bride of Asmodeus Jane was to receive a "ritual scourging", the purpose of which was to demonstrate the sort of punishment in store if she ever did reveal the secrets of the Temple. One of the monks stepped forward with a bundle of canes. The Master selected one and pointed toward the altar. Jane stepped up to it and a monk placed his hands between her shoulder blades, forcing her to bend over the altar. "I remember feeling rather stupid — and vulnerable. Then the Master hit me across the buttocks — eight times, and hard. I bit my lip and didn't cry out. When it was over he massaged my buttocks with some ointment that eased the pain. Then he helped me climb the altar. When I was settled and positioned, he mounted me. I laid back and enjoyed it."

Jane's adventures in "Devil worship" began to turn sour immediately after her initiation. The very next day, Peter started talking about money. Membership of the Temple, he told her, cost \$10,000 a year each. In addition, cocaine for both of them was costing \$500 a week, even though he got it at a special price from the Master. "I'm sure I wasn't addicted at that time," Jane recalled. "It had just become part of the scene — our love-making and that sort of thing. I think Peter was trying to persuade me that I was addicted . . . and later on I did become an addict. But the point is that Peter's whole attitude changed. Before, he'd never mentioned money. Now he was expecting me to find very large sums of money. There seemed no way I could do that. But of course, Peter came up with an answer: was I prepared to work at the Temple for a couple of days a week?"

Then the whole story came out. Apart from Tuesday and Friday evenings, the Temple was a top-of-the-market brothel, catering for very wealthy men with rather exotic tastes. If Jane would work there she could make a great deal of money. Eventually she agreed.

"The following nine months were like a bad dream. I did make plenty of money but I never saw any of it. Apparently it was deducted to pay my Temple membership fee and for the cocaine I was using. At the end of that time, Peter vanished. The Master told me he had gone to London. I never saw him again."

Jane's connection with the Temple ended on the day she tried to kill herself. Later, at the hospital, she became friendly with one of the doctors, who helped her beat the cocaine habit. "Now we're going

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ASMODEUS

steady," she told me. "Perhaps there'll be a happy ending. I don't know. These days I take everything as it comes."

Three months later she was dead.

In many Western countries, including Australia, the "Black Art" is gaining votaries by the thousand. And "Black Masses" and other forms of Devil worship are being used to introduce young people to drugs. Tabloid papers in this country increasingly devote space to the upsurge of interest in occult practices, often quoting religious leaders and social workers who believe the problem is getting out of hand.

In Britain, "witchcraft" was illegal until 1951, when Parliament repealed the ancient *Act Prohibiting Witchcraft*. Since then many practitioners of magic have come out of the closet, and it's been estimated that several hundred covens now operate in Britain. An article in the *New York Times* recently claimed that 400 covens existed in the United States.

Even a hardened sceptic would have to admit that what we call "magic" can't be dismissed entirely as a joke or an illusion. Belief in magic is much older than science and more widespread than any religion, having survived in every part of the world for countless centuries. Two hundred

years ago scientists proclaimed that the expansion of our knowledge of the natural world would signal the end of belief in the supernatural. While it did weaken the hold of magic on the minds of men, it has certainly not crushed that hold.

If indeed there is such a thing as magic, the word should be defined in this way: "The application and utilisation of scientific laws which are unrecognised by the present-day scientific community." And if in fact such laws exist, the successful magicians throughout the ages must have found a way of tapping into these invisible force fields, using the power of their wills to achieve a desired end.

Of course, there is a great deal of evidence to suggest that such people have existed and perhaps still exist. Unfortunately, there's very little opportunity to assess the quality of that evidence. Not only that, people claiming supernatural powers are exposed as charlatans almost on a daily basis. I believe the only rational response to all this is to keep an open mind.

At the same time, it seems fair to say that the majority of covens in the Western world are run by unscrupulous individuals who take advantage of the credulity of people and induce them to participate in rituals which dissolve into orgies. For example, the St Kilda coven obviously had little to do with "real" (that is, properly practised) Devil worship and a great deal to do

with prostitution, drug dealing, and the manufacture of pornographic movies. In addition, the Master probably ran a profitable sideline in blackmail. The trappings of the Black Art were merely a ploy for luring impressionable girls into the vice trade.

Admittedly, the Master had incorporated some aspects of witchcraft and Devil worship into the rituals of the Temple. Witches, who can be men or women, do consecrate a goblet of "wine" by dipping the blade of a sacred dagger into it; initiates at a coven often receive a "ritual scourging"; and in Black Masses the celebrant does copulate with a woman — preferably a virgin — on the altar. But contrast the activities at the St Kilda coven with this description of an authentic Black Mass, translated from a treatise on *The AntiChrist* in the Bodleian Library, Oxford University:

"Everything at the Black Mass must be done in the 'wrong' way. The cross on the altar is crooked, broken or upside down. Acolytes should be youths who readily give themselves to sodomy. In the censers they will swing, instead of incense, opium and other drugs are burned. The celebrant (or Master) wears a black cape embroidered with serpents. He is naked beneath it, and it is open down the front, revealing his genitals. The congregation should be wearing animal costumes and masks. All the litany and prayers are recited



backward. The congregation's responses are animal howls, snuffing and grunts. The ceremony is performed on the body of a naked woman, sometimes on her bottom, sometimes on her belly. On the altar is a mattress covered with a black cloth. She lies on this with her head on a pillow below a broken crucifix. Her arms are spread out and *in her hands she holds two black candles made from human fat*. Her legs dangle down over the end of the altar, and each time during the ritual that the priest should kiss the altar, instead he kisses the vagina of the woman. Sacramental wafers stolen from a church are scattered on the floor. The congregation tramples, then urinates on them, while repudiating Christ. Some of the broken wafers are put in a chalice. The celebrant is handed an infant. He cuts its throat on the belly or buttocks of the woman who is lying on the altar, and catches blood in the chalice. Having drunk some of the blood, he sprinkles the rest of it on the congregation who, by now, will be incited to a frenzy. Finally, the celebrant copulates with the woman while the congregation frantically slake their lust on one another in every way possible to imagine."

Black Masses such as this were commonplace in Europe in the Middle Ages, particularly in France, where there were hundreds of priests prepared to celebrate them. In fact, between 1673 and 1680, 55 French priests were executed for sacrilege and sorcery. Athenais de Montespan, the beautiful mistress of King Louis XIV, belonged to a Satanic Temple run by a Parisian witch known as La Voisin. When the King's Lieutenant of Police investigated this Temple he found a furnace, concealed behind the altar, which contained the charred bones of many children sacrificed during the Satanic rituals. At her trial, La Voisin testified that Athenais de Montespan had lain naked on the altar while a repulsive old abbot had copulated with her.

There is no evidence that present-day Black Masses extend to the sacrificial murder of innocent children. However, there are examples of what experts in the Black Art have described as "Satanic killings."

It seems the current widespread revival of interest in magic and the occult can be traced to a handful of individuals. Gerald Gardner was an English occultist who contended that a powerful underground cult of witchcraft had always existed in Western Europe. Most historians rejected that claim but it captured the imagination of the public and led to a proliferation of covens all over England, and later America, Australia and other English-speaking countries. (Witches, according to Gardner, were a force for good, not evil. He claimed that a group of English witches stopped Hitler from invading England in 1940 by performing a ritual called "The Great Cone of Power.")

The two most notorious witches in the United States are Louise Huebner and Anton Szandor LaVey. Huebner specialises in improving people's sex lives through witchcraft and advocates the use of traditional trappings such as black candles, magical diagrams and so on. LaVey runs the Church of Satan in San Francisco and opens his devilish services to the public — for a fee.

The ceremony in the Church of Satan begins in darkness. "Satanic" hymns are played on an organ and when the black candles are lit the congregation appears, all wearing black robes and pointed hoods. LaVey wears a black cape and a skullcap with horns. When the opening formalities are out of the way, members of the congregation come forward and state what they desire — money, power, love or revenge. Then LaVey asks the remainder to focus all their emotional powers on the request that has been made. He claims his philosophy

“

He inverts the
traditional Christian
doctrine: "If a man strikes
you on one cheek, then
smash him on
the other."

”

is based on the view that man is a selfish and brutal creature. He inverts the traditional Christian doctrine with the maxims: "Blessed are the strong, for they shall inherit the Earth" and "If a man strikes you on one cheek, then smash him on the other."

One aspect of the superficially performed rituals of the St Kilda coven is baffling: why is the name "Asmodeus" invoked? Black Masses are usually dedicated to Satan — whether they're carried out in the traditional manner or in the commercial fashion of Anton LaVey. Extensive research failed to turn up any description of a Black Mass in which Asmodeus was featured.

According to all the textbooks on the subject Asmodeus is, in Jewish lore, the Prince of Demons. He's apparently the "in-citer of lechery" but in spite of the lofty rating he only gets one mention in the Bible.

However, in a 15th Century magical treatise called *Lemegeton* I discovered that Asmodeus was related to a pagan deity envisaged by Arab mystics and named Baphomet. In the occult world the Sign of

Asmodeus is a representation of the head of Baphomet inside a pentagram. But the question remains: why should a coven in St Kilda pretend to worship Asmodeus or Baphomet rather than Satan?

I couldn't solve the riddle and eventually forgot about it — until a strange circumstance brought Asmodeus back into the limelight.

It was Jane's boyfriend, the young doctor David Whitmore, who came to inform me of her death. He had been in the US at a medical conference at the time, and on the third night of his absence he was contacted by a colleague who had discovered Jane's body.

David explained to me that while people do occasionally just drop dead, there are some poisons which are difficult to detect, particularly after a few hours. He also explained that neither he, for professional reasons, nor Jane's parents, for personal reasons, had any desire to prolong the investigation into her death. "Cases get thoroughly investigated when someone wants them cleared up," he said. "No-one was really interested in Jane Butterworth."

There was one other thing he wanted to mention. "Jane and I got to know each other reasonably well. I certainly knew all the clothes in her wardrobe, and her jewellery — what there was of it. When the police examined her body she was wearing a particular chain and pendant. They assumed it was hers and eventually it was returned to me. But I'll swear blind that Jane never had that pendant when I left for America."

David then produced the mysterious pendant from his pocket and handed it to me. It was very old and very heavy — obviously made of gold and extremely valuable. And it was the Sign of Asmodeus, just as I had recently seen it illustrated in the *Lemegeton*. According to that old treatise on magic, it was an especially evil object.

"I think I know what it is," I told him. "It's an evil sign. But that doesn't get us very far."

I handed it back to him.

"You don't really believe in all that nonsense, do you?" he asked.

"I keep an open mind. What are you going to do with it?"

He shrugged. "It's obviously very valuable, but I don't need the money. Perhaps I'll keep it as a reminder of Jane."

"Don't think I'm stupid, David, but maybe you'd better be rid of it. I suppose you wouldn't consider destroying it? What about putting it in the hospital incinerator?"

"I'll think about it," he said without conviction, and I showed him the door.

During the Christmas holidays in Melbourne several people were killed in car accidents. One of them was a highly promising young doctor, David Whitmore. 



RETURN OF THE NATIVE

"I hope all Australians realise and appreciate how big the country is," poses Sarah Lipton . . . No, she hasn't got shares in our domestic airlines, nor a petrol company. Spending the last 18 years in Europe has taught her how to appreciate open space — nothingness. She is just 19, but was born in Australia. "This huge country gives me the feeling I can do anything," she says. And she can. She has. She does.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL V. STROHEIM



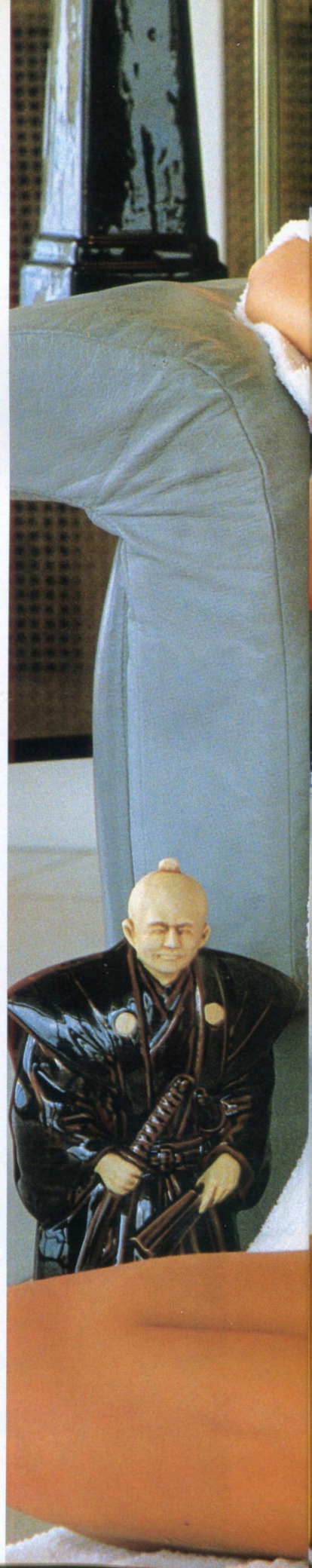


"There are more of my European friends following me out here," says Sarah, further insisting that it has been her letters of praise for Australia which have been the incentive. (Don't believe it.) "I think because I was born here I have something special already in me for Australia — but Europeans will have seen nothing like the room you have here."





In between modelling and commercial work — and travel — Sarah has been able to further her artistic pursuits. These include ballet and other dance, painting, drawing, writing and lying on the beach in the sun all day. She is also a keen bushwalker, from which she draws lots of inspiration.











"My writing
and drawing
are always
from things I
feel — so I
have to be very
honest with
myself. Any
relationships I
might have
must be very,
very honest. I
think honesty
is more
important than
a piece of
paper that says
you love
someone . . ."



**What they could be if they
weren't what they
are now**

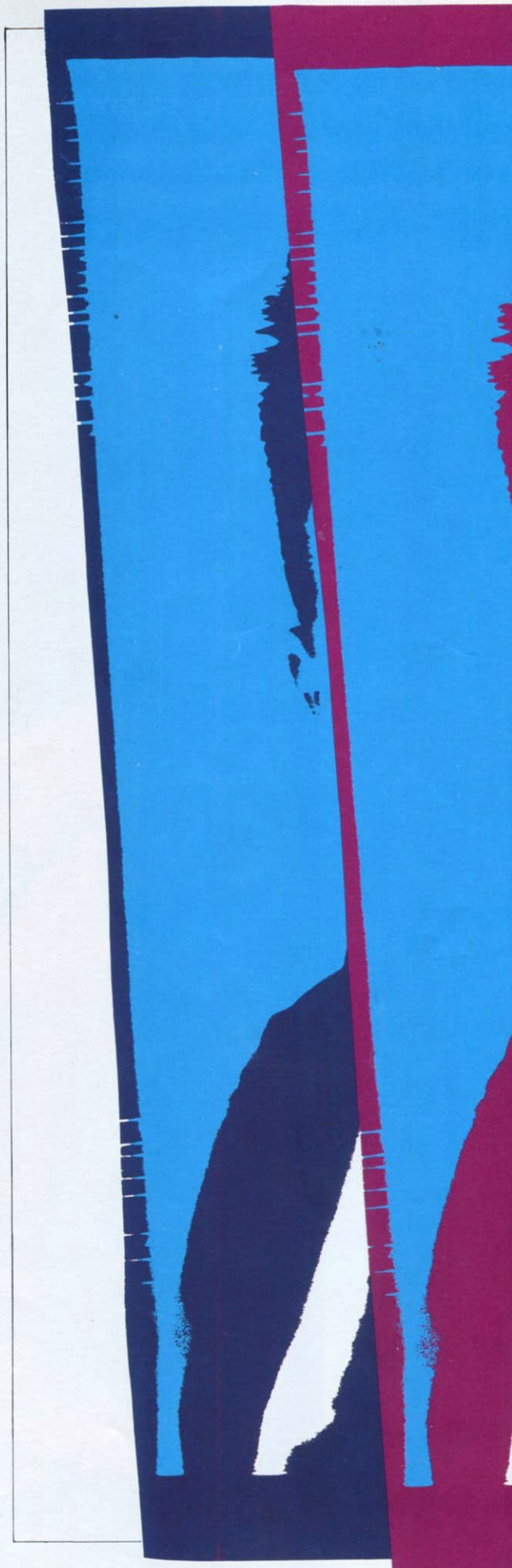
TRADING PLACES

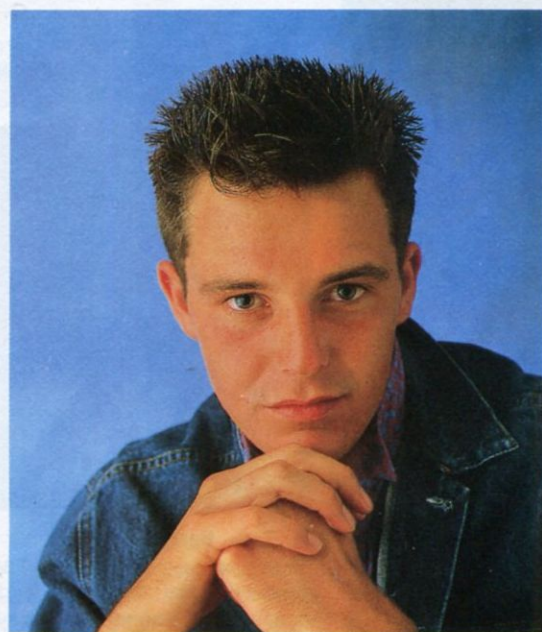
BY GARRY SARGEANT

What makes a famous person famous? It's all very well to be talented, good-looking, witty, well-educated, urbane and sophisticated. But take all those traits away and what have you got? Just another average person who got lucky.

But what if they hadn't got lucky? Where would these people be?

The answer is: somewhere else. So *Penthouse* introduces you to: *Where could all the revoltingly successful people be if they hadn't got lucky?* or: *What they could be if they weren't what they are.*





Cameron Daddo

The junior executive trainee for Myers who keeps calling in sick when he is actually going off surfing

Ian Turpie

The guy who works at Kings Cross spruiking at passersby

Ben Lexcen

The man down the street who is constantly working on his immaculate garden and complaining about kids playing cricket in the street

Judy Davis

The woman who stops you in a shopping centre to ask you questions as part of a survey

Barry Unsworth

The person whom other people tell you that you met at a party but whom you can never remember

Jack Absalom

A petrol station attendant



Robert Holmes a Court

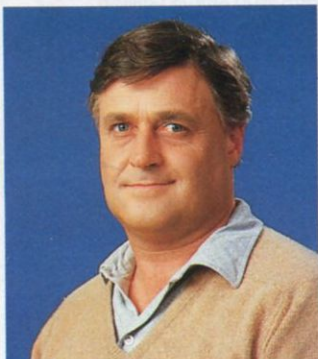
Director of a funeral home

Rupert Murdoch

A former runner-up in the world professional snooker championships, now considering retirement

Janine Haynes

Headmistress of a Catholic primary school



Max Gillies

The plumber who fails to get the job done right the first time

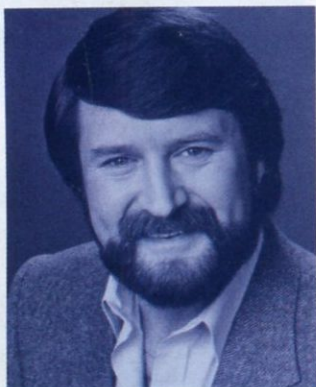


Bob Hawke

The aged widower who goes on *Perfect Match* looking for a date

Bruce Petty

The proprietor of an antique shop specialising in brass fittings



Derryn Hinch

The artist who peddles production-line Australian landscapes on the steps of a church and complains endlessly about the Australia Council not giving him a grant



Dennis Lillee

A bouncer for a rundown gambling casino

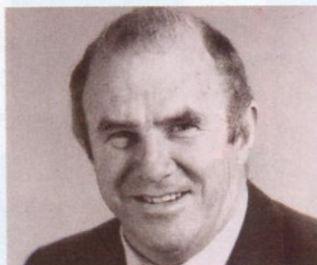
Andrew Peacock

A used sports-car salesman



Richie Benaud

A Macquarie Street gynaecologist



Clive James

The man in the "before" section of a Gloria Marshall's advertisement

Jackie Weaver

The owner of two award-winning cats who taps a spoon on the top of a can to summon them to dinner

John Howard

The bus driver who abuses you for not having the correct change

Gareth Evans

The Melbourne University philosophy tutor who drops out to become a Hare Krishna

John Singleton

The taxi driver who tries to take you for a ride the long way from the airport

Flo Bjelke-Petersen

The great-aunt on your mother's side of the family who never got married



Ronald Reagan

A man who makes a fortune late in life by telling people what they should be eating and doing in order to stay youthful



John Elliott

The prop who gouges and bites in a Rugby League scrum



Kerri-Ann Kennerley

The woman who gives away demonstration cigarettes at supermarkets

Alan Jones

The manager of a motor spare parts section who gives you the wrong part and accuses you of trying to con him when you ask for a refund or exchange

Jill Hickson

In charge of the lingerie section of David Jones

Debbie Newsome

The air hostess who strikes up a conversation with you and gets up your hopes only to casually mention that she is married

**Greg Matthews**

Owner/runner of a mobile discotheque

**Paul Keating**

A former Catholic priest who got permission to leave the order and now runs a menswear shop

**Dick Smith**

The maths teacher whom you had at school and used to send up mercilessly but secretly quite liked

Jack Thompson

The owner of a used car yard who does his own TV commercials

**Maggie Tabberer**

A marriage celebrant specialising in garden weddings where there is, by request, no mention of a deity

Alan Bond

The man who runs one of the stalls at fairgrounds (eg a coconut shy) at which no-one ever wins a prize.

Mike Gibson

A chef who has to pretend to come from a foreign (Scandinavian) country in order to give the restaurant credibility

**Patrice Newell**

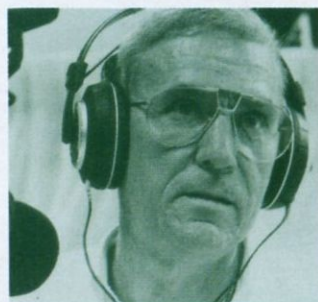
The girl at high school with whom you were secretly, desperately in love but were always afraid to talk to

**Clive Robertson**

The parking patrol officer who won't listen to any of the reasons that you had to park there: "Don't tell me your problems."

Rene Rivkin

The loud guy at the other table in the restaurant who is always sending back the dishes or the wine because there is something wrong with them and keeps making passes at the waitresses

**John Laws**

A loud man at a party who starts lecturing people about the state of the country and how to fix it up

**Kerry Packer**

The man behind the desk in the foyer of an RSL club who won't let you into the club because you don't have a collar and tie

John Stone

The boy at school who was a library monitor because if he ever showed his face in the schoolyard he got beaten up

Mike Willesee

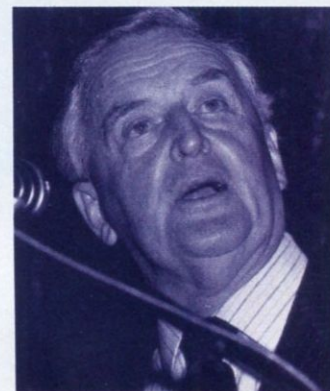
The man in the "before" picture of a hair transplant advertisement

Don Chipp

The master at your high school with one year to go to retirement who starts going to the wrong classroom, giving the wrong lessons to the wrong class, calling people by the wrong name etc

Bill Hayden

The doctor who says he's fixed your complaint and a few weeks later dies of a similar ailment

**Joh Bjelke-Petersen**

The man on a train (or in any public place) who talks as if abusing someone when there is no-one else near him

Bruce Ruxton

Premier of Queensland

Bob Ansett

The man who knocks on your door trying to sell you insurance

**Jana Wendt**

The woman at work who gets promoted in front of you

SEX and STRIP behind the ironcurtain.

This commentary and photo-series is based on research made over more than a year. Photographing is totally forbidden behind the iron-curtain. And the civil-police is found everywhere. But here is a sensational photo-commentary with strip-photos and photos from Poland.

We started in Copenhagen with departure with the polish boat "Rogalin" and sailed to Swinoujscie in 8 hours. At the arrival we were still a little swimmy because of the polish wodka, and a glass. And the champagne was sold for only one dollar. Allready by the departure from Copenhagen we had the feeling of being in Poland. All hands were polish from the captain to the cabin-maid. The passengers, mostly men, are going to Poland in order to experience sex-adventures. The all have luxury western presents with them such as coffee, ham in tin, nylon stockings, cowboy-trousers, sausages, meat, bananas. These are things, that will make the hearts of the polish girls melt. These articles is on the rationalisation and almost unpayable for the poles.

At the arrival we jump into a taxi and drive to one of the big ports in which several nightclubs are to be found. Western currency is exchanged everywhere. 20 us-dollars is exchanged into 5000 Zloty, which corresponds to the fee of a young polish employe. So in a sudden we are as millionaires here behind the iron-curtain. So we rush into the restaurants and eat the best meals with wodka and bear. Everywhere you see young and smiling girls, both professionals and amateurs, who wants to make some extra money after school-time. A whole night a her place is 40 us-dollars.

All kinds of prostitution is totally forbidden, but from it comes a lot of western currency. The police is really doing their job properly. Often they can be seen with two-three girls in the car. But they are not driving to the station. Sex is their price for not having seen anything, otherwise the girls are arrested. A great part of the girls are at the same time reporters to the police.

In the restaurant Bajka the stripper "Zurika" appeared on the stage. Barbara was her real name. She was the most coveted stripper in Poland. Her fee was 500 Zloty a show, and she only had 4 shows in a night. Compared with this fee is the fee of a polish mine-worker, which is 15 000 Zloty a month for 9 hours of work a day.

Barbara and I became friends and after having known her and being known by all in the restaurant, I finally succeeded in having the permission to take some photos of the show. This was on the fifth trip to Poland. One of the reason for having been given the permission to take the photos was that some photos was needed for advertising. If you raise the question if it gave increase of her salary and new jobs, you will find the answer in Denmark. Barbara recieved an invitation to go to Denmark, and now she lives here and is the stripper no. 1, the polish Marilyn Monroe. The resemblance is obvious.



Have you heard the one about . . .

THE POLISH MARILYN MONROE?



WORDS AND PHOTOS BY PREBEN HULTGREN





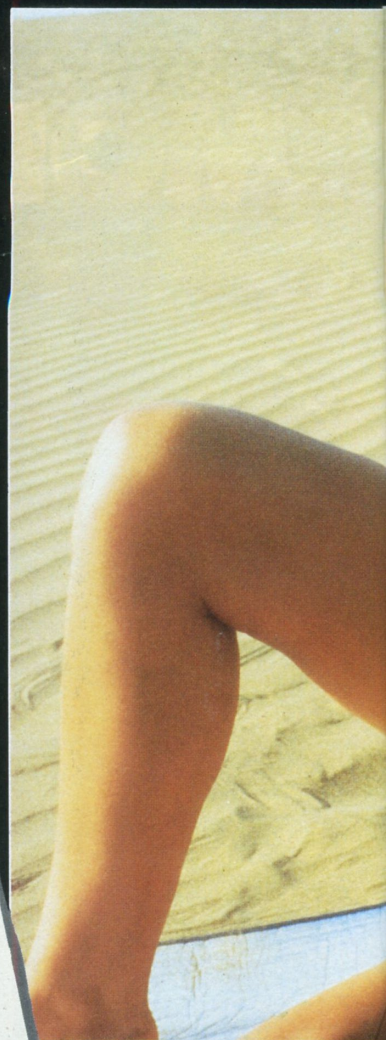
BARBARA

The polish Marilyn Monroe.

Barbara, 22 years old, born in Katowice in Poland. At the age of 16 she started working in circus, and there she learned a lot of acts. And among other things, she learned solo in trapez under the circusedome, conjurer tricks, target on a plate, that is rotating, while a man throws knives towards the body. Fortunately he never hit her. In the circus there was also a fire-swallower with torchs that was led close to the body and touching the body. But the circus couldn't pay a high salary, so she was lucky to find another job, which is known as one of the highest payed job. Through an agent she was offered a job as strip-dancer, and every actually found in Poland, behind the iron-curtain, and every nightclub has a strip-show. An ordinary salary in Poland is 12000 Zloty. Just before leaving Poland Barbaras salary was about 50000 Zloty a month. And she was the most coveted stripper in Poland. But a dane fall for her, and she said yes. For a polish girl, entrance in to Western Europe is an almost unattainable dream. And she just managed to leave the country before Solidarsznos and Walenza was made forbidden subject and just before the border was closed. At that time she had waited over a year for a passport. For her, living in Western Europe was a dream that came through. And in Denmark a new life started for her. In Denmark she became a much coveted strip-dancer, and performed with her perilous show of fire, nun-stripper, cowboy-stripper etc. In 1986 she elected as the best stripper in Denmark.

When you come from a country, that is closed, then it is wonderful to be able to travel. Her favour travel-target was Grand Canaria in Spain with the most beautiful beaches, which can be seen on the photos. Here Barbara took off all her clothes while performing her Eva-show. Barbara has been to Florida, Iceland, Venice, Paris, Hamburg, Sweden. And has made performance most of the places. She has one advantage. And that is the big tits, which has given her the nickname the polish Marilyn Monroe.

Here she is photographed on Grand Canaria, Alas Paloma beach, and Playa del Inglis Suot City, and in the parrot park.





This radical conservationist
knows how to manipulate the media
and make the establishment mad

FAST BUCK\$

BY FRANK ROBSON

Through steaming valleys of lantana and over ageless mountaintops, I pursued the rogue greenie they call Fast Buck\$. Is he at Byron Bay, making it hot for some official or developer deemed corrupt? Or hunched across a table somewhere, gnawing a fat cigar, penning yet another public broadside against a world crazed by greed and expediency? Is he at Ted's place, or Sue's place, or Bill's, or somewhere else entirely? No-one knows.

"He could be just about . . . anywhere," calculated friends who share Fast Buck\$' home on a 40-hectare avocado farm near Bangalow. In fact, as I headed for the coast in search of him, the Green Pimpernel was driving his Falcon van to a meeting of environmentalists on a bushclad hillside above Broken Head. He was late, but not so late that he couldn't be distracted by a woman in a bikini hosing her front garden.

CRUNCH! Fast Buck\$ ploughed into a parked Mercedes, causing \$1500 worth of damage. Like many before him, Buck\$ (and the Mercedes) became the victims of idle lust.

PHOTO BY DAVID MAY





FAST BUCK\$

"I never said I was an angel." — Fast Buck\$, Report No 3.

No, indeed. Yet there are people who see him that way, just as there are others who would pay big money to watch him sink in a big vat of undiluted sewage. For, in a country overstocked with gentle conservationists whose carefully-considered pronouncements would induce sleep at a convention of speed freaks, Fast Buck\$ is a rarity: a greenie who fights dirty.

He alone seems to have identified the true Achilles' heel of those rich and powerful Australians who would "develop" our coastline into a Disneyland nightmare: not facts (easily surmounted by lawyers), not petitions nor letters to politicians, but sustained and merciless satire.

"I believe the Bible statement that 'the time has come for the destroyers of the Earth to be destroyed' must apply to somebody else." — Fast Buck\$ in an early newsletter.

Just as the characters of Barry Humphries evoke rage among people too pompous to chuckle at their own foibles, the Fast Buck\$ persona infuriates those who recognise themselves depicted there.

Like good ideas everywhere, the Fast Buck\$ disguise is strikingly simple. To become the scourge of ruthless developers, and corrupt officials, John Anderson — former counter-culture radical with an Honors degree in psychology — needs only to don a Dallas-style stetson and reflector sunglasses.

Anderson, 39, has been doubling as Fast Buck\$ since devising the unfeeling brute and changing his name by deed poll in 1983. At the time, as a candidate in the Byron Shire elections, Buck\$ wrote the first of his self-published newsletters (scores would follow). His election promises brought an immediate uproar:

- "Byron Shire to be renamed Platinum Coast and annexed to Queensland — where they know how to get things done."
- A new building code specifying the compulsory use of cream brick and aluminium windows in all new constructions.
- Creation of employment by organising shooting expeditions to exterminate the Belongil Tern and remove this as an issue ONCE AND FOR ALL!
- Tourist-attracting projects such as: a 1000 metre-high working concrete volcano (pink) for Bangalow; cable cars connecting Mt Chincogan with Mt Warning and the Byron lighthouse; an 18-metre bronze statue of developer Alan Bond overlooking his marina complex at Ocean Shores, holding aloft his America's Cup chalice."

Despite a lot of voters taking him seriously (or perhaps *because* of it), Buck\$ missed a seat on the council — but only narrowly. He didn't miss, in a post-mortem newsletter, taking a swipe at the "incredible array of old crocks and relics who were dragged screaming from cellars, attics and sleepouts [to vote] by worried-looking relatives determined to save the world from the evil on everybody's lips: Fast Buck\$. . . Some of these poor souls looked to me as if they were already medically dead on arrival, [others] could surely not have survived the return journey home."

Fast Buck\$' clashes with the giant Bond Corporation over its multi-million dollar Ocean Shores development near Byron Bay led to a three-year legal battle, the main effect of which was to confirm his media image as a sort of Hunter S. Thompson among greenies. Prowling the Northern Rivers in his outlandish convertible "Buckmobile", the UK-born Anderson (served by a willing network of local spies) first fell foul of Bond when he forced him to deny a claim (in Ocean Shores' promotional blurb) that the America's Cup defence would be sailed in the Byron area.

Buck\$ sent an "explanation of Bond's duplicity" to media outlets around the country, provoking a retort from the Royal Perth Yacht Club that Bond had no authority over where the Cup defence would occur. In terms much too critical of that famous hair-trigger litigant to repeat here, Buck\$ maintained the anti-Bond barrage, even setting up a roadside stall near the Ocean Shores sales office from which to distribute his newsletters damning the project (managed by the Perth magnate's cousin, Eric Bond).

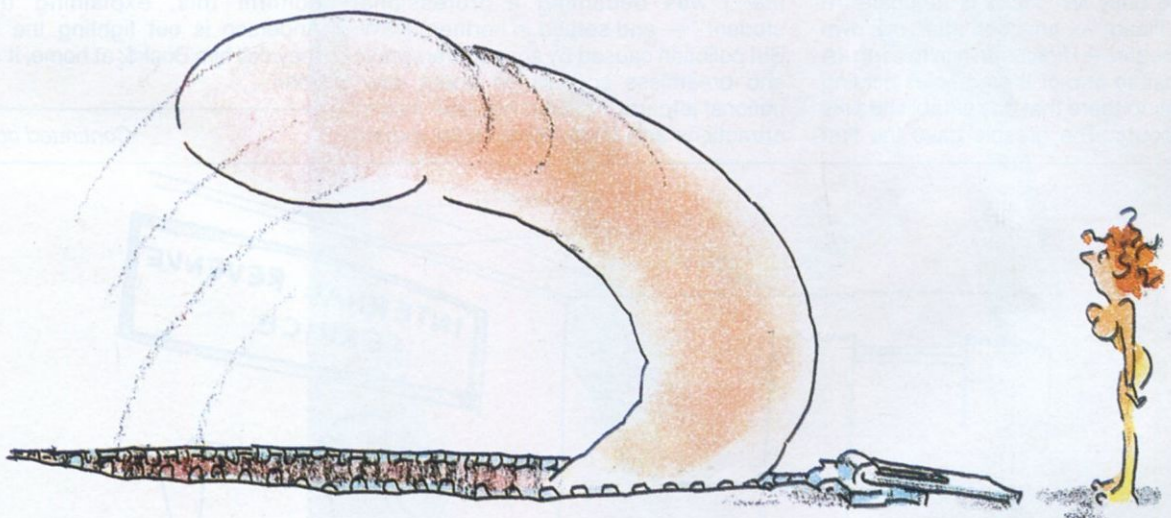
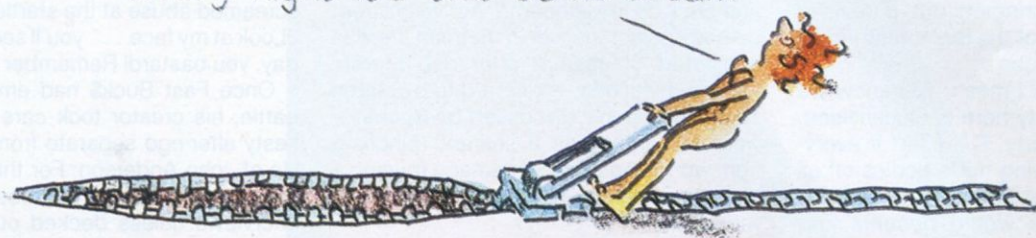
Inevitably, in late 1983, Alan Bond obtained a court injunction prohibiting Fast Buck\$ from repeating various criticisms of himself and his business empire. Though later fined \$500 for contempt of court in breaching the injunction, Buck\$ won the war. In December last year, Justice Hunt ruled in the Sydney Supreme Court that the injunction was too wide in its restrictions and lifted it. To the self-represented Buck\$' delight, the judge said the Bond plaintiffs were "using the legal processes of this court with the intention of intimidating the defendant in order to prevent him from exercising his right of free speech to criticise them."

John Anderson's role as a hip-shooting crusader against greed and the despoilation of Mother Earth took him, irresistibly, north of the Queensland border, where in 1984 he stood for the Senate as the sole candidate of his Conservative Party of Australia. Though he rounded up only 4000 votes, the exercise produced some entertaining fireworks between Buck\$ and Queensland Cabinet Minister Martin Tenni, a man with an avowed loathing of hippies and others who seek to oppose conventional notions of progress.

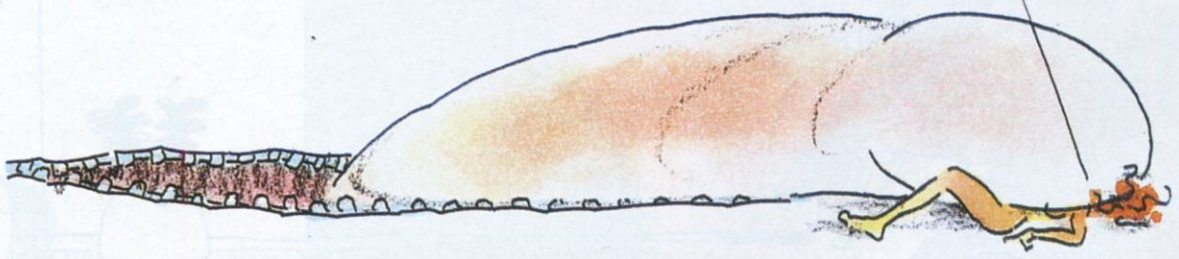




Every night it's this same dream



Once - Just once! I'd like to be on top



Cummings

At one stage, Buck\$ was evicted from Tenni's office by an indignant press secretary. He was labelled a criminal by Tenni in Parliament and, in a raid on a suburban home by Special Branch police soon after, 400 copies of Buck\$ most sizzling newsletters — "TENNI AND CROOKED COPS" and "TENNI SAYS BIBLE WRONG!" — were seized.

In the "BIBLE WRONG" newsletter, Fast Buck\$ claimed to have slipped Tenni "a surreptitious dash of sodium pentathol" (truth drug). During the ensuing interview (later revealed as a dream), Buck\$ asks Tenni to comment on reports that Lutherans were bringing out a revised Queensland issue of the Bible, featuring a nude centrefold of Joh . . .

"Tenni: Ridiculous! I mean, you know we don't tolerate nudity here in Queensland. We like our sex dirty. D-I-R-T-Y! If everybody started showing nude bodies off all over the place, where'd be the fun in doing it in private? Sex would become just another wholesome pursuit, like jogging."

Journalists warn one another of how difficult the busy Mr Buck\$ is to locate. At Broken Head — an hour after my own search began — I finally ran him to earth. (A phone call to one of the greenies holding the meeting there that day established his whereabouts. The greenie gave the first

hint of how possessively the man in the stetson is regarded by less quotable conservationists. "We have first call on his time," she warned. "He has to attend our meeting before he can talk to you!")

When I interrupted the meeting anyway, Buck\$ — still agitated from his bingle with the Mercedes 20 minutes earlier — seemed relieved. “These things can go on *forever*,” he sighed, promising to get away as soon as possible. Back at the avocado farm he brewed a pot of Liptons (no herbal stuff for this lad; he also likes red meat) and backgrounded Fast Buck\$’ emergence as the environmental equivalent of Sir Les Patterson.

He lived for six years in Holland as a child, arrived here with his parents in 1956 and grew up in Melbourne. Active in street demos against the war in Vietnam, he was convicted of assault after one march. Other convictions — referred to by Martin Tenni and openly discussed by Buck\$ — were for larceny as a servant (pinching from work) and criminal damage (hurling a tape recorder through someone's window).

He left Melbourne in 1979 with an Arts degree — “They gave it to me to get rid of me: I was becoming a professional student” — and settled in northern NSW. But pollution caused by agricultural sprays and breathless speculation about international jetports, “plastic volcano” tourist attractions and multi-million dollar expan-

sions for the shire made him realise his new retreat was far from secure.

"I knew I would have to keep moving further and further away or else fight it," he says. "So I decided to make a stand."

(Years earlier, when Anderson visited Noosa after an absence of several years, he was appalled to see mangroves gone and a section of river re-routed to accommodate a vast condominium development. Even then, the vengeance of Fast Buck\$ stirred within him. He confronted a real estate salesman, demanding to know what had happened to the mangroves, birds and marine life. "Oh, my company cleaned it all up," the salesman replied. In one of his more earnest newsletters, Buck\$ recalled the rage that overcame him and he screamed abuse at the startled salesman: "Look at my face . . . you'll see it again one day, you bastard! Remember my face!")

Once Fast Buck\$ had emerged to do battle, his creator took care to keep his feisty alter-ego separate from the private life of John Anderson. For this reason, he refuses to pose for pictures or give TV interviews unless decked out in stetson and reflector sunnies. "I don't want to be recognised in the street," he says. Friends confirm this, explaining that when Anderson is out fighting the "baddies" they call him Buck\$; at home, it's just plain John.

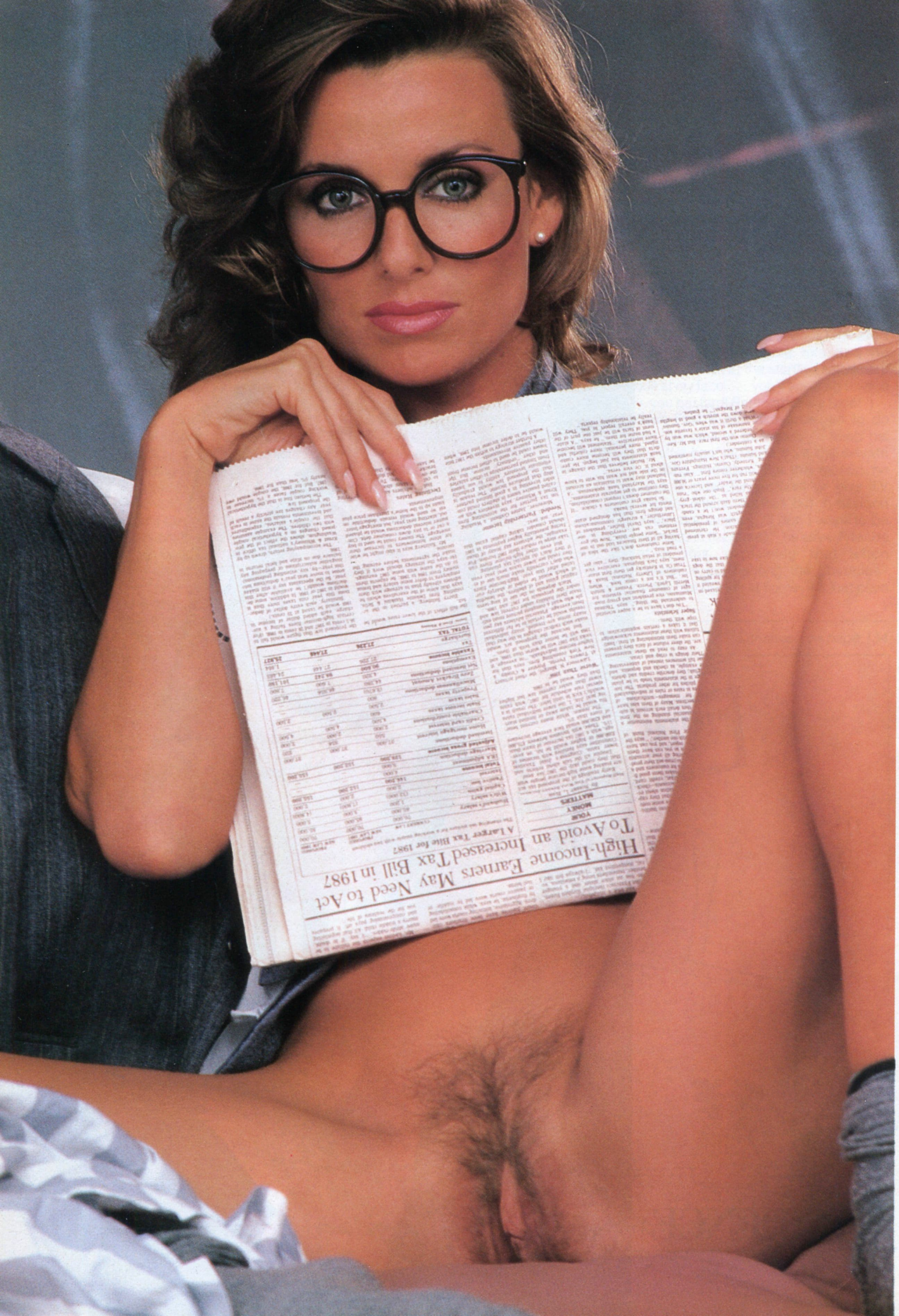
Continued on page 134



"Sign where it says, 'I got plenty of nothin' and nothin's plenty for me.'"

P
RUDENCE





W

hen suave Prudence Nicholl has a flutter on the sharemarket, she makes sure she gets her returns — *and* she gets her fair share of return flutters from those largely male-dominated quarters. But, she says, "I don't think the right man for me is even born yet. If he is, he sure is keeping a low profile. I'm not exactly a recluse."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

BUSINESS CLASS





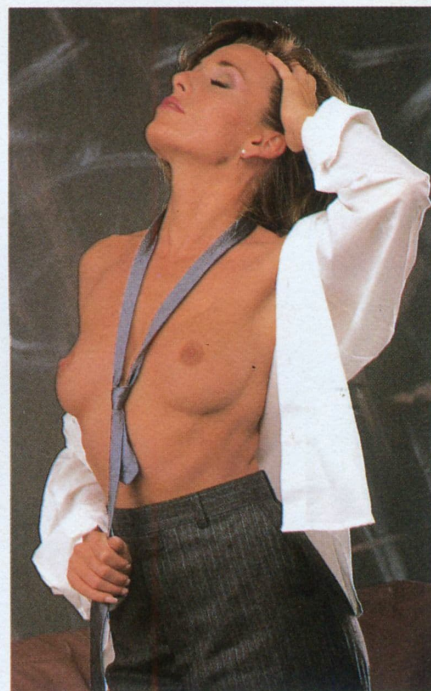
Prudence's high-power executive role with an entrepreneurial group demands much of her time, but, as she explains, "I have a very clever little secretary who keeps things ticking over nicely — and who keeps me in line: Kevin is wonderful . . .







"Don't believe that men don't make great secretaries. Once they learn a bit of respect, they're fine. Kevin's a gorgeous kid, but it's all business to him. 'Look but don't touch,' he tells me. Mind you, he can't type for shit, but that's not why I gave him a job . . .



"He'll probably kill me when he reads this. He had tried to talk me out of posing, but what I say goes. I might have to let him go, but that's okay. It's an employers' market out there. There's plenty of fish in the typing pool . . ."









MANQUE												P ¹²		
IMPAIR												M ¹²		
0	3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36	D ¹²	P ¹²
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A consumers'
guide to casino gambling

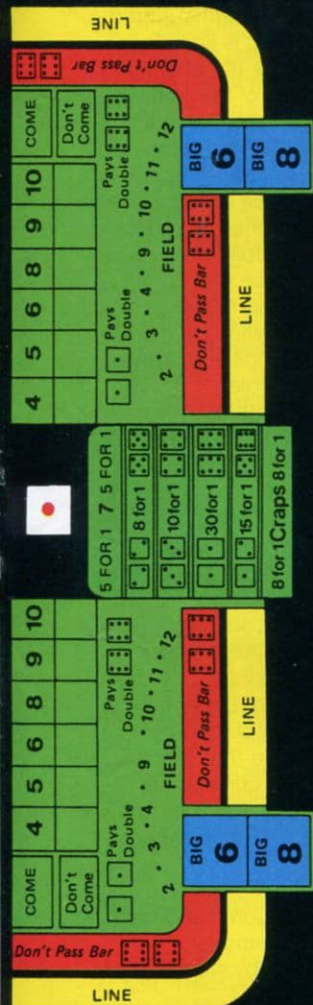
MONEY FOR NOTHING

BY JOHN BEAGLE

The gambling habits of the average Australian are about to be revolutionised by the coming of the casino. Since November 1985 casinos have opened at Surfers Paradise, Adelaide, Perth and Townsville, and Sydney expects to have a temporary one in operation this year. All these are in addition to the established casinos in Hobart, Launceston, Darwin and Alice Springs.

So, what was once an occasional illegal fling for a well-connected few is now an alluring outlet for the masses. This doesn't mean that the standard Aussie battler — traditionally a hunch punter with "M-U-G" stamped across his forehead and a "gotta be in it to win it" attitude that usually leads to ruin — will be transformed overnight into a suave dinner-suited sophisticate capable of terrorising casino managers across the land . . . but it does mean that a basic understanding of casino gambling will soon become part of our everyday knowledge — like decimal currency, automatic bank tellers and Lotto. Naturally, this learning process will be easier, more enjoyable and less expensive if you know how casinos operate and how the various games are played.

ILLUSTRATION BY COLLIDE



MONEY

But first, the question on everyone's lips: "Can I win?" The answer, most definitely, is yes. Of all legal forms of gambling, the casino offers by far the best value for money. In other words, you're far more likely to be in front at *some stage* at the casino than at the track or anywhere else.

It follows from this that the secret of winning is encapsulated in a four-letter word: STOP. Knowing when to stop is knowing yourself — a skill that is the hallmark of every successful gambler. It usually takes a long time to learn this skill, but you can shorten that time by simply accepting some basic factors unique to casino gambling.

Every casino game has a house advantage or "edge" (with the one exception of blackjack played by an expert "card counter", who can reverse the house advantage by keeping watch on every card that falls to the table). If you play long enough the edge is sufficient to erode your stake so that inevitably you'll lose. This, of course, must be so. The casino is, after all, a business, and the house advantage is what pays the bills for setting up and running the business. It's the price a gambler pays for having the opportunity to win the house's money. It represents, if you like, the broker's commission on a share transaction.

But casinos are not winners all the time. Over a long period they are. Over a shorter period, not necessarily. If casinos were always winners they would quickly run out of customers. Australian casinos, unlike many overseas, actually like to see winning players. It's their best advertisement that money can be won.

Winning gamblers recognise that they have two practical advantages over the house. To start with, casinos have inflexible rules. Croupiers and dealers make no decisions at all — they might as well be robots. The player, on the other hand, makes decisions, stipulates the amount wagered, and comes and goes at will. Conversely, the casino can't close down a particular game just because it's on a losing cycle. Having accepted all of these realities, it should be obvious to you that failure to STOP when you are well in front — or, conversely, well behind — is not merely dangerous, it is utterly stupid.

One way of timing your exit from a casino table is to use the "stop-loss" concept. Basically, this means that if you've turned your little stake into a healthy pile — say \$200 into \$1000 — you decide at that point on limiting the amount you will now lose. You may decide that you will leave the table with no less than \$800, so you're now playing with \$200 again — the other \$800 worth of chips are stashed in a separate pile marked "Do Not Touch." What we're talking about here is *discipline* — or, if you

like, the ability to control greed.

Other corollaries flow from all this. The most important is that if you bet the *same amount* each time over any considerable period you'll be extremely lucky to get out of the place with a cabfare, let alone a worthwhile profit. Why? Because if you don't vary your bets at all you place yourself completely at the mercy of the house advantage, so you'd have to defy the odds to wind up in front. Apart from that, the only way to really win money at gambling is to win consecutive bets — and when you do that you want to make sure it's a healthy windfall. So increase your bet after every win. Conversely, reduce your bet after each loss — there's no sense throwing good money after bad.

As in share trading, the essential ingredient for success in gambling is knowledge. To be a consistent winner it's absolutely necessary to make a study of the game you want to play. Surprisingly, very few punters take the time to do that. Apparently the typical gambler believes that success in one field carries a guarantee of success at gambling. He'll refuse to shell out a lousy \$20 on a book but he'll happily wager hundreds of dollars in ignorance and continue to do so until he learns by his mistakes or is forced to give the game away. He blames his luck, but it's his ignorance and laziness that lead him down the gurgler.

The knowledgeable gambler, however, expects to win each time he plays. He knows that mathematically this can't happen — but when he starts playing he knows that he's prepared himself for the challenge. He has a winning *attitude*. I don't want to throw you off by getting into esoteric concepts like "karma" — but when you see some poor schmuck whingeing about the fact that he couldn't back a winner in a one-horse race, how often are his pessimistic expectations fulfilled? So, if you're interested in being a winner, you need to realise that there are people who win and win consistently — simply by virtue of the fact that they know what they're doing. The Gary Player philosophy is apt: "The harder you practise, the luckier you get."

Here, then, are the Ten Commandments for the successful casino gambler:

1. Know what you're doing by studying the game beforehand.
2. Don't drink excessively. If you're over the limit for driving, you're over the limit for gambling.
3. Set aside your total betting bank and don't exceed it by borrowing or cashing cheques.
4. Increase your bet after every win until you reach a predetermined maximum.
5. Reduce to your minimum bet after every loss.
6. Limit your losses but not your winnings by employing the "stop-loss."
7. Don't stay too long. Dealers have a break every hour; so should you.
8. Don't play if you're tired, ill, depressed,



worried, angry, frustrated or negative. The almost certain loss will aggravate the problem.

9. Play with a positive expectation of winning.

10. Remember that anything can happen in a casino. You could break all the rules and win; you could (quite easily) follow them all and lose. Keep your wits about you.

THE GROUND RULES

The first time you set foot into a crowded casino it will seem like you've landed in a madhouse. All around is noise, movement and confusion. Try to make your debut during a quiet period, when you'll at least get a chance to play in comfort.

All Australian casinos operate along similar lines: anyone over 18 and suitably dressed can enter and participate; there is no entry fee or membership fee; and once inside you don't have to gamble. In fact, a lot of people just go along to enjoy the unique atmosphere of the place without ever having a bet.

Australian casinos are not havens for drunks, prostitutes and standover merchants. They're safe, honest, and unquestionably the best-run in the world. There has never been a reported instance of any criminal activity associated with their management. They are very strictly controlled by government regulation and continually checked by government personnel, both on the casino floor and behind the scenes. The watchdogs protect the gambler's interests as well as the government's.

As well, all gaming staff are subject to intense government scrutiny before being licensed to work. Any offence and they're out on their ear. Cards, roulette wheels, dice, pennies etc are as perfect as is humanly and mechanically possible, so forget any bullshit stories about marked cards, crooked wheels, loaded dice and so on. Dealers, croupiers, inspectors, pit bosses and others connected with the action are forbidden to accept tips on pain of instant dismissal. Australian casino gaming staff are in fact well paid and unlike their overseas counterparts they don't depend on tips.

Cash can't be taken by a dealer from a player. It must be placed on the table by the player, who then removes his hand. The dealer spreads the cash, calls an inspector to check the amount and places the equivalent sum in chips in front of the player. The inspector watches as the cash is pushed through an opening in the table to the collect box attached to the table's underside. The dealer has no physical contact with the player at any time.

Illegal casinos used to provide free drinks to gamblers in the hope of inducing them to part with more money. You won't get anything for nothing in a legal casino, and you'll find the drink waitresses as scarce as hen's teeth. When you do latch on to one she'll be happy to accept your tip.

All casinos strive to be attractive, exciting, stimulating, seductive and self-contained. There are no clocks and seldom any windows. The womb-like and timeless atmosphere of salubrious comfort is designed to encourage you to stay as long as possible.

Darwin and Alice Springs are the only casinos to have poker (slot) machines. The Gold Coast, Townsville, Perth, Hobart and Launceston casinos have video poker and blackjack machines.

Every game has its followers and the casinos have tried to make them as simple as possible to allow the novice player to take part. Casinos actively encourage customers to play by providing free Gaming Guides. (These are readily available in all casinos and will be sent on request. Ideally, a new gambler should study one before he starts playing.) Casinos are in the entertainment industry and participation is the key to their viability. Spectators take up room in the gambling areas, wear out the carpet and add to the overheads. Conversion of onlookers to players is the operators' aim. So, if you have any queries ask a casino employee to explain what you can't understand. (Don't ask a fellow player — he may be just as ignorant as you but might not know it.)

Staff are instructed to assist the new player and, except possibly during very busy periods, you'll find they're keen to do so.

THE GAMES

As each casino provides up to 11 different games, most players will find one that appeals. Here they are:

KENO

Keno is the easiest game of all and very popular. Australian Keno games are the largest in the world, with jackpots of up to \$100,000 for \$1 becoming commonplace.

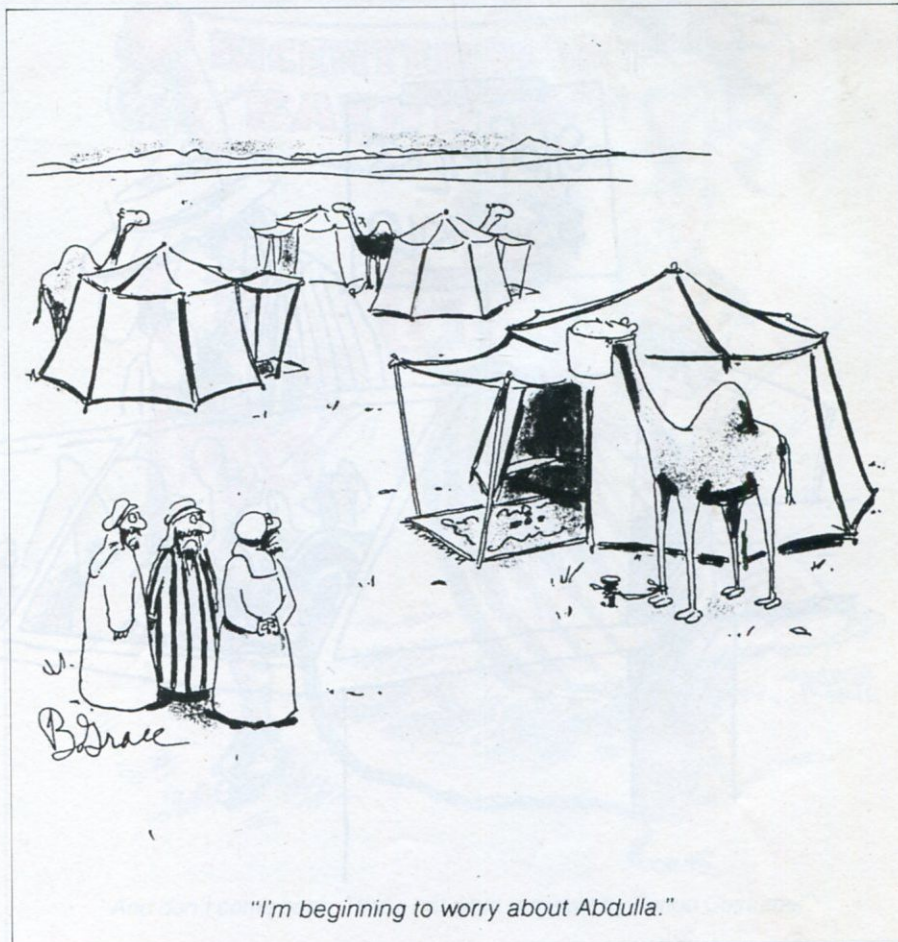
Keno is a combination of Housie and Lotto, with players selecting up to 15 numbers from 1 to 80 to match against 20 numbers drawn from a transparent, revolving cage similar to that used for Lotto draws. Games take place every five to ten minutes.

Keno lounges are provided. There the draw can be witnessed by players. Also, computerised result boards are located throughout the casino showing the number of the game played and the result — so it's possible to take a ticket for multiple games and see the results while playing other games. Prizes can be collected up to several days after the draw.

The house advantage in Keno is 25 percent... enough to discourage serious gamblers from anything more than a minor flirtation with it.

TWO-UP

Australia's national game, played with two pennies thrown above the spinner's head. The spin is available to every player



"I'm beginning to worry about Abdulla."

MONEY

in turn. The pennies are placed on the kip (a flat piece of plywood or similar with rubber facing) and then thrown with a twisting action causing them to rotate in the air.

The outcome of two heads, two tails or "odds" (ie head and tail) determines the payout as follows:

Two heads or two tails — bets are paid at even money.

Odds — no result. Spin again.

Five odds consecutively — house takes all bets on heads and tails. Some casinos allow betting on 5 odds at 30 to 1.

A noisy, simple, fun game (ideally suited to the Australian character), two-up produces plenty of action and good-hearted bantering. Players stand around an enclosed ring and bet over a counter-level wooden railing, on spaces marked "H", "T" and "ODDS".

A faster moving, less labor-intensive game than keno, two-up's overall house advantage is 3 percent.

ROULETTE

Roulette is the classic casino game. It's played with a horizontal wheel which has 37 divisions numbered 0 to 36. The wheel is set into the middle or end of a table incorporating a layout of bets available. A ball is spun around the edge of the revolving wheel and eventually drops into a num-

bered slot on the wheel. These slots are colored either black or red for numbers 1 to 36 and green for zero.

Bets are made by placing chips on the appropriate position on the table and backing either:

Individual numbers (including 0) — paid at odds of 35 to 1.

Even chances — such as red or black, odds or evens, low (1-18) or high (19-36), paid at even money.

Two to one chances — such as numbers 1-12, 13-24, 25-36 or one of the three vertical columns into which the numbers 1 to 36 are divided on the layout.

Other propositions — different combinations of adjacent numbers paying various odds.

Roulette is a visually exciting game played with various colored chips provided to each of the players to distinguish their bets from others. Players can either sit at the side or end of the table or stand behind seated players. Croupiers standing on the other side place bets for players unable to reach a particular section of the table, pay winning bets and remove losing bets.

A quick, non-labor-intensive game, Roulette's house edge is 2.7 percent.

BLACKJACK

A card game, and the most popular casino game in the world. As mentioned before, it's possible to overcome the house advantage in Blackjack and for this reason

it attracts the type of player who is prepared to concentrate amid all the raucous frivolity. Together with Poker, it's the only game where the player's decisions affect the outcome.

Blackjack is played at a crescent-shaped table with up to eight packs of cards dealt by a dealer from a dispensing device called a "shoe." Players sit or stand opposite the dealer in front of squares or "boxes" marked on the table. Bets are placed behind the boxes before the cards are dealt on to them.

The object of the game is to draw cards totalling 21, or as close as possible to 21 without exceeding that number. If the player does this more successfully than the dealer he wins and is paid even money, except in the case of a blackjack, which pays 3 to 2. Blackjack occurs when an ace or any ten-value card (10 or picture card) are the first two cards received.

The game starts with the dealer giving the players and himself one card, face up. Then he gives only the players a second card face up. The player then decides whether to stand on the first two cards or receive more depending on the dealer's card. All players' hands are completed before the dealer takes his second card. The dealer must stand on 17 or more, or take another card if holding 16 or less. If player and dealer are the same, there is no result.

A complicated, heady game distantly re-



lated to Pontoon, Blackjack is the subject of an enormous number of books and the favorite game for tournament play. Federal's Tasmanian Casinos 1986 Blackjack Competition provided a guaranteed \$50,000 minimum first prize for a \$275 entry fee.

Played at a fast and furious pace, Blackjack is the game with the lowest of all house percentages — ranging from 0.1 percent.

BACCARAT

An easy to play, high minimum stake card game where dealers and croupiers in evening dress stand opposite one another at the centre of a long table. The whole area is often screened off or set aside from other tables.

Two hands, each of two cards, are dealt from a "shoe" containing six or eight packs of cards. The first hand is called the "Player", the other the "Banker." There are three betting propositions — Player, Banker or Tie. These are paid at odds of even money for Player, 19 to 20 for Banker and 8 to 1 for a Tie.

The game commences with the shoe passing from player to player anti-clockwise around the table. The player with the shoe is called the Banker and deals the cards. A croupier calls and directs the play. The Banker may place a Banker or Player bet. The shoe may be retained until a Player hand wins, then it passes on.

The object of the game is to reach a two-card maximum total of 9, either by adding both cards together to get 9 or less, or by subtracting 10 from the total if it exceeds 9 (ie 18 becomes 8, 20 becomes 10 then becomes 0).

If neither hand totals 8 or 9, a final card can be drawn to try and improve either hand. The highest hand wins. If both hands total the same, it is a Tie and bets on Player and Banker are not affected. A new hand is then played. All card drawings conform to specified rules and there are no optional draws.

Baccarat can be a rather intimidating game due to the mystique associated with it. It's considered the game for high rollers. However, it's really a very simple, slow game where the only decisions are what to back, whether to bother dealing the cards and what to drink to ease the boredom.

The low house advantage of 1.4 percent and 1.2 percent on Player and Banker hands is offset by the larger stakes and the 14.1 percent house edge on Ties.

Mini Baccarat is a simplified, quicker version of Baccarat with identical rules, played on a Blackjack-sized table for lower stakes.

POKER

Five Card Stud is the name of the game. The only casino game where players are pitted against one another rather than the house, Poker is currently played in only a few casinos. However, it's becoming

increasingly popular all the time.

As the house doesn't have any financial involvement or edge, it takes a 2 percent commission from each winning pot for providing the venue and dealer.

CRAPS

The ultimate dice game, described by many gamblers as the most exciting and fascinating of all casino games. Craps is a mystery as far as most Australian casino gamblers are concerned, because of its perceived difficulty to comprehend and the peculiarity of its terminology. It's played with two dice on a sunken table covered with all manner of apparently mystical markings, usually to the accompaniment of very loud shouting and yelling. Craps is a game for extroverts.

In basic terms, it's a simple game complicated by the numerous betting propositions available during its progress. The "shooter" throws the dice and hopes to get 7 or 11 on his first ("come out") roll. If this occurs he is an immediate winner and is paid at even money. If any other number is thrown, various consequences follow according to the rules.

Of all casino games, Craps is the one that presents the best prospect of winning large amounts from modest stakes. It's well worth the effort to learn, but beyond the scope of this article to adequately describe.

A quick labor-intensive game, its overall

house advantage is 2.5 percent but individual bets range from 0.8 percent to 16 percent.

OTHER DICE GAMES

Examples are Mini Dice, Head and Tail (Two Up) Dice, Big and Small and Sic Bo. They're simple games with a variety of different betting propositions at various odds. Quick labor-intensive games, their overall house edge is 5 percent.

BIG WHEEL GAMES

Called by various names depending on the casino. Although much larger, it's an upmarket version of the "chocolate wheel" used at fetes and on TV game shows. The wheel is divided into many segments. After being spun it comes to rest with a marker pointing to the winning segment. Bets are placed on a table indicating the odds paid for each result.

A very simple, quick, non-labor intensive game, its overall house advantage is 5 percent.

Now that you have an understanding of how casinos operate, how they make money and how the games are played, you're already a good deal better off than most Australian casino punters. So get into it.

Risk little to gain plenty — and remember that Lady Luck helps those who help themselves. 





THE CONWAY BROTHERS

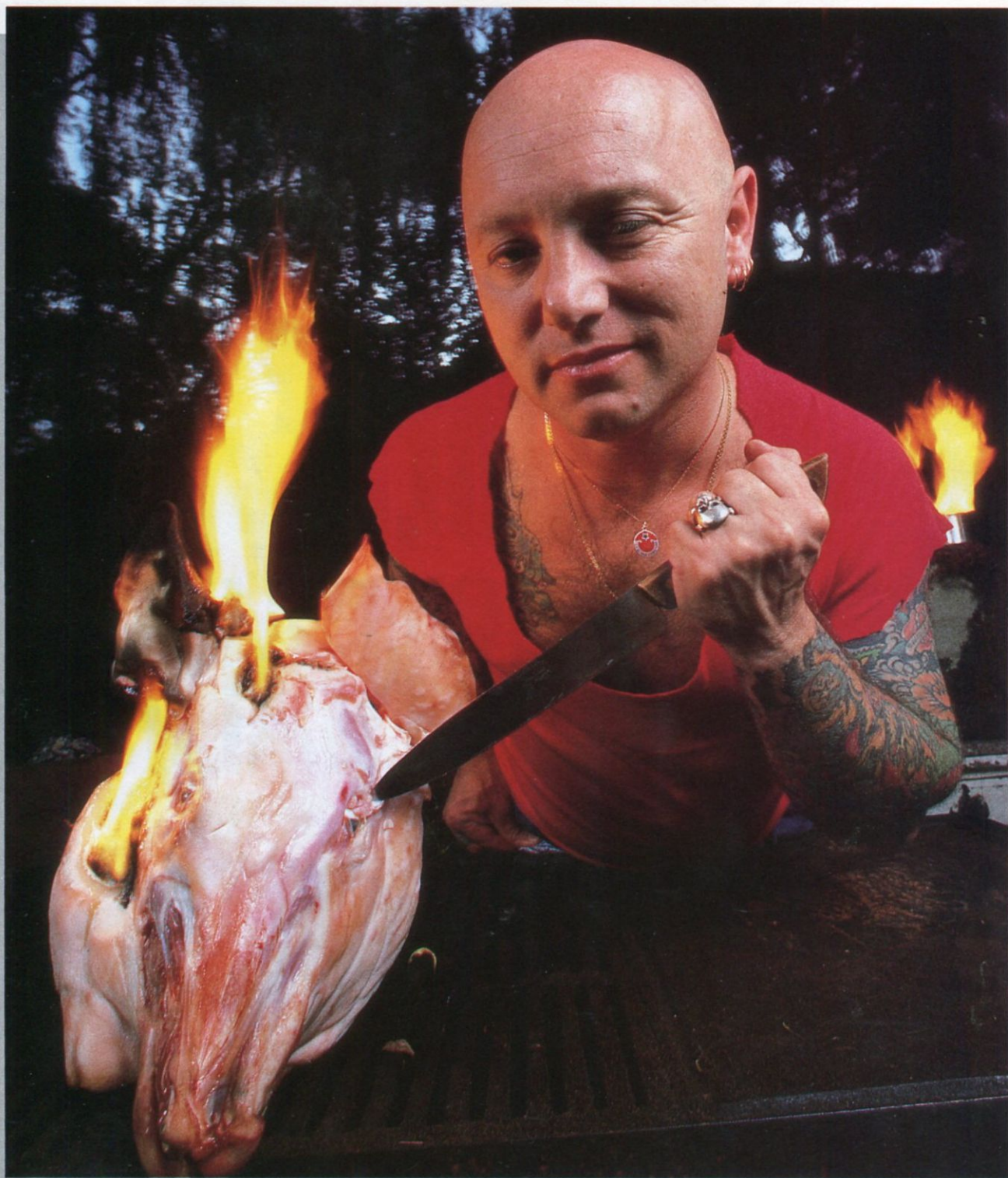
"We're into sex and vomiting at the same time. (Girls, bring a bucket.) We piss razor blades. All our dads are ministers."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM SHELDON

MAD MEN OF AUSTRALIAN MUSIC

**A little lunacy
was instrumental in
these men's
musical
accomplishments**



ANGRY
ANDERSON -
ROSE TATTOO

"The one thing that's total is music. I didn't get the reputation I've got for nothing. It's not concocted. Where there was smoke, there was fire . . ."



"When Doc's on stage, I don't always know what's going to happen. It's interesting to watch him sometimes . . ."

DOC NEESON - THE ANGELS



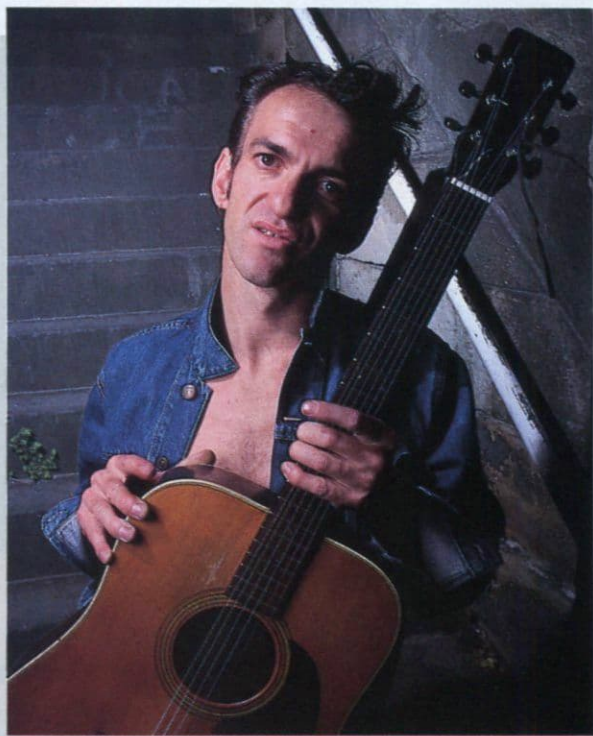
IAN BLOXSOM -
SYDNEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA/
CROSSFIRE/SUPERMARKET

"Music sent me crazy very early in life. And drummers always seemed to have the most fun. We don't seem to get roused on as much."

CHRIS BAILEY - THE SAINTS

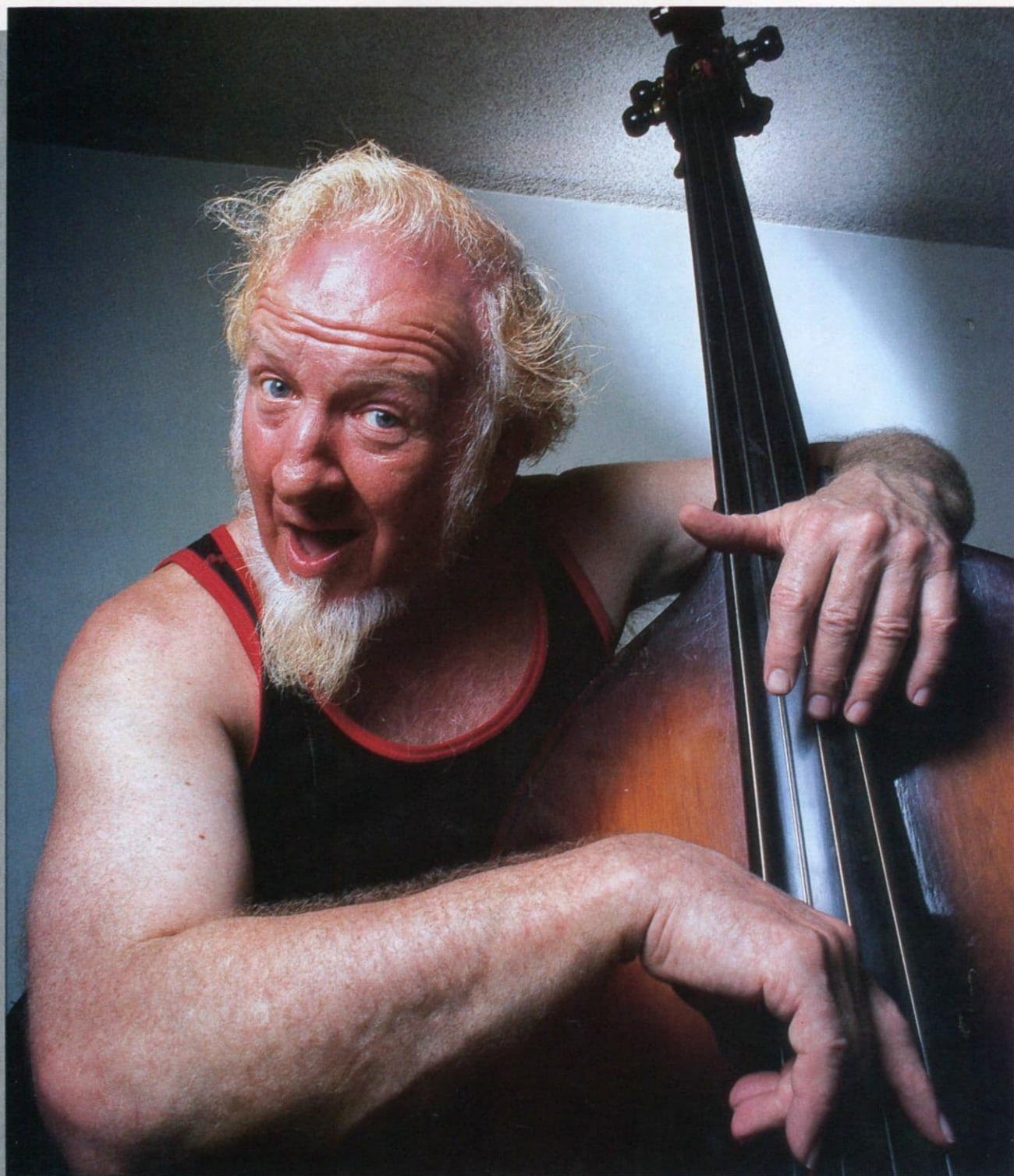


"Even thinking about performing now, I could almost shit myself. But when you make contact out there on stage, it feels like the most natural thing to do in the world."



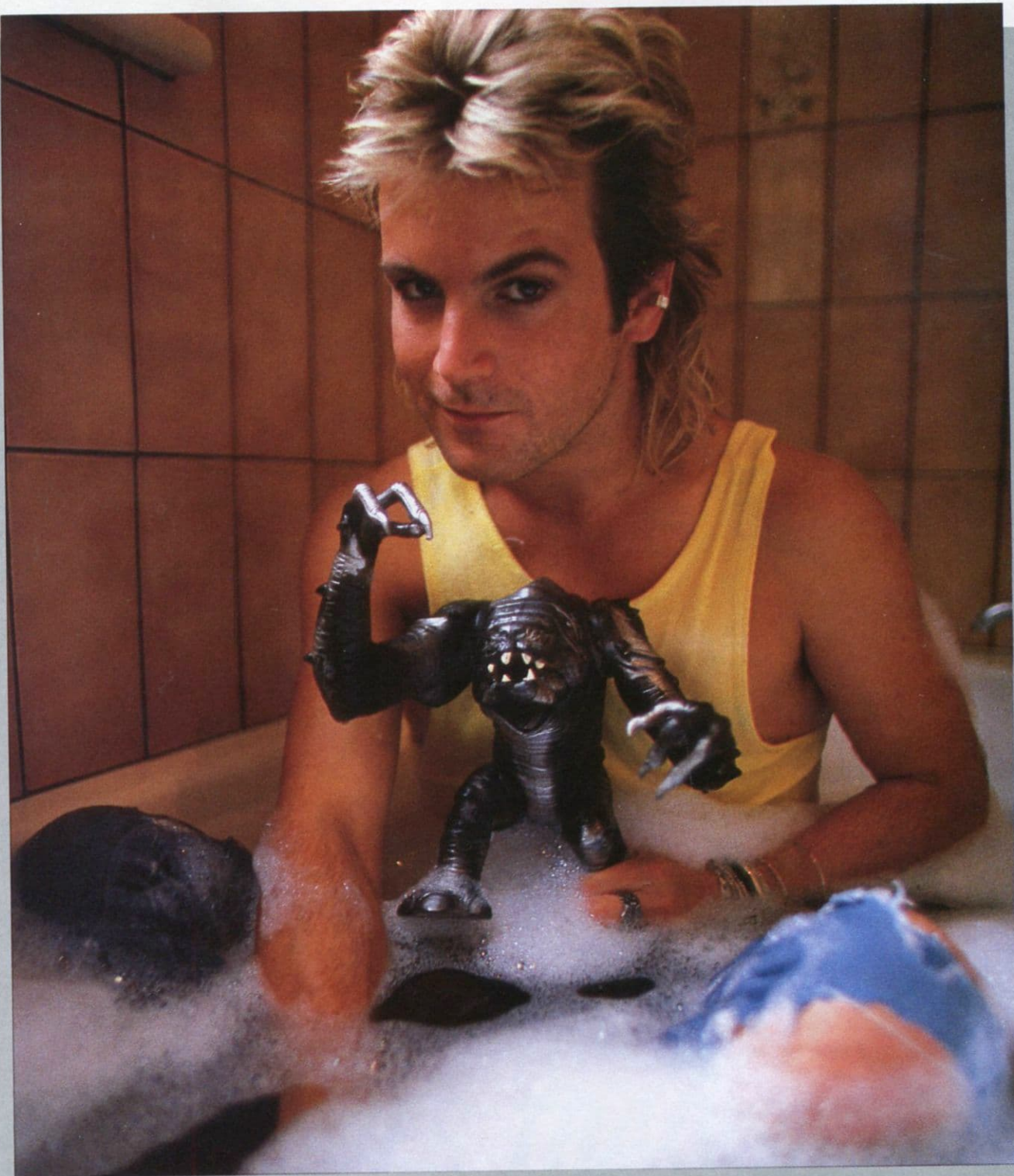
JIMMY JESSOP - THE WILDCAT TAMERS

"I like to stir people up, so I make my rockabilly a bit heavy. It's got to have balls. A lot of rockabilly and R&B is watered down these days."



KILLER JOE LANE

"I had no intention of doing what my parents wanted me to do, you see. I needed mystery. Now Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker — that was a mystery. With jazz, you never know how you'll feel from one moment to the next . . ."



**BRIAN
MANNIX-
UNCANNY X-MEN**

"What's my music mean to me? . . .
Gee, that's a tricky one. Can I have a bit of a
think about that for a few minutes?"





INSIDER TRADING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

Work as a financial consultant and investment strategist has been kind to Melissa Leigh — for a reason: she's been kind to it. Her basic credo on money matters is exactly that: money matters. "How you treat this business can be compared to lovemaking style," she claims. "Some styles work. Some don't. The more you give the more you get. Be gentle. Take your time. Test the water . . . then act like a whore when you get the chance . . .









"And of course you've got your sweet nothings to be whispered around. These 'nothings' seem to have got a lot of publicity lately. But you see, while some people think of this as illegal and call it insider trading, I call it foreplay."



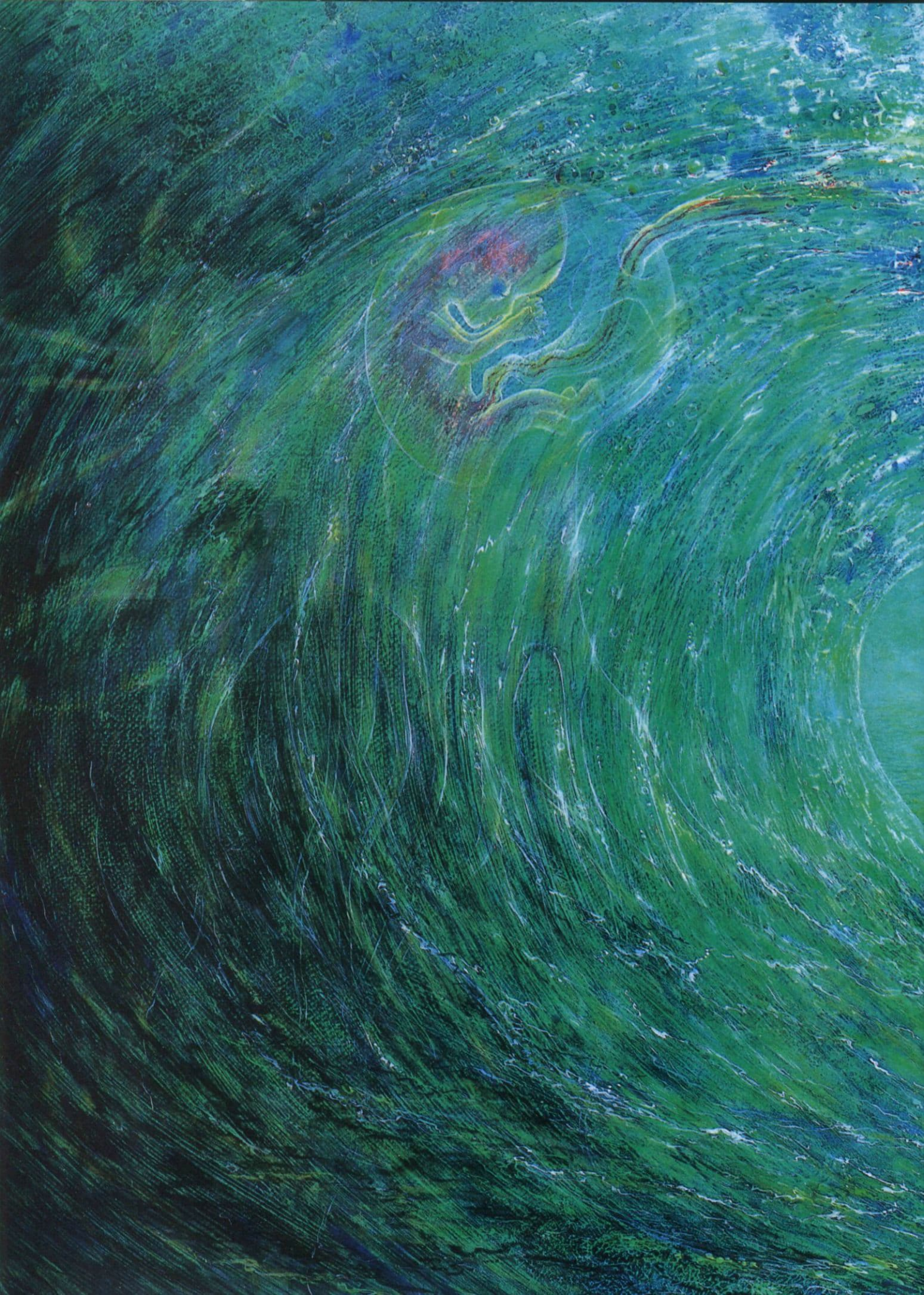
Melissa claims the whole sharemarket system is founded on people obtaining selective information while others are kept in the dark. "Of course, some people take it all a bit far — they have their peculiar fetishes. To each his own . . .

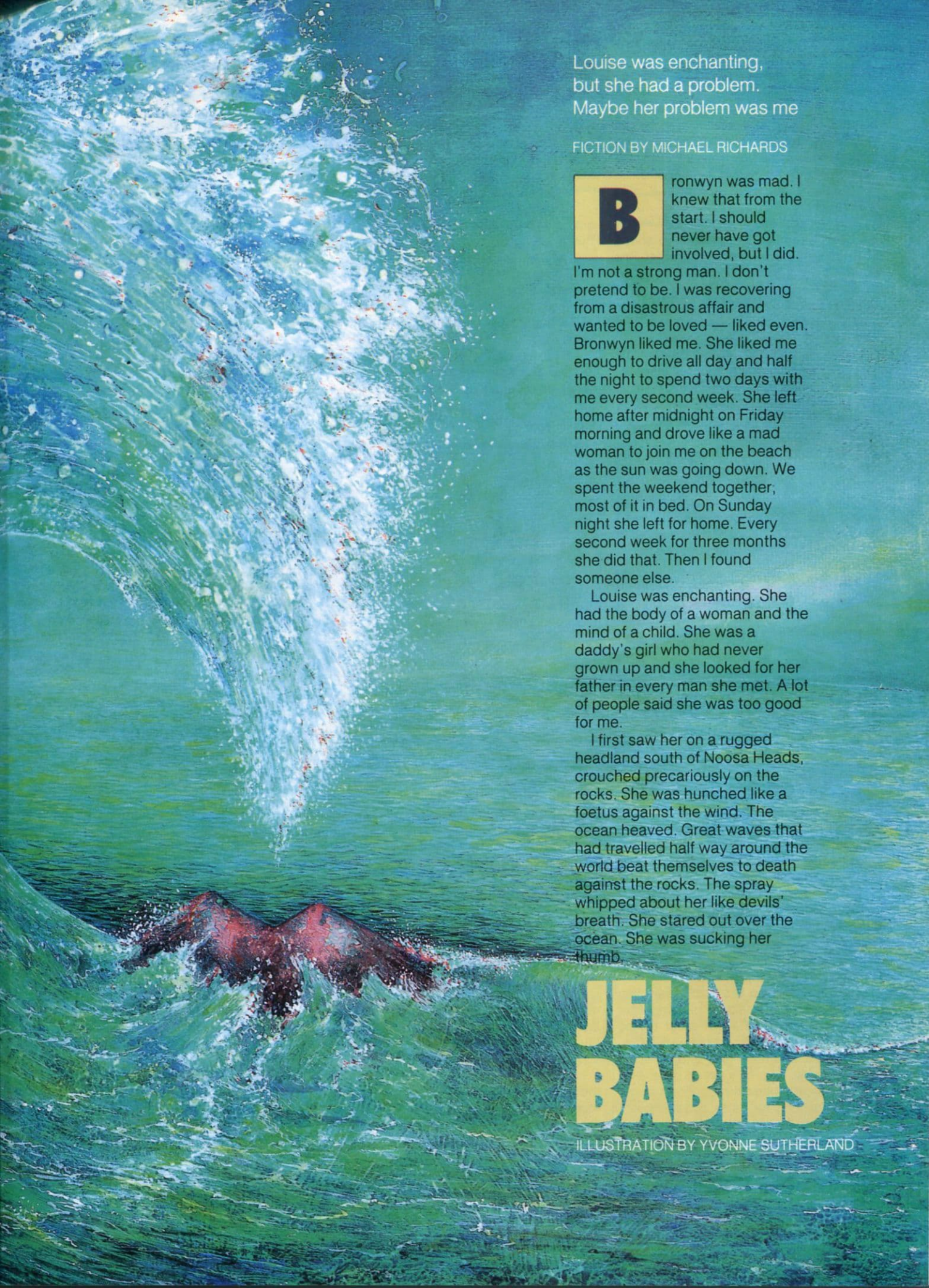


"If the money world is like sex, I guess you could say I'm a high-class callgirl — a facilitator. Actually I sometimes have to remind myself that the money world and sex are not the same things, and that I have some catching up to do. But I only have to remind myself *sometimes* . . ."









Louise was enchanting,
but she had a problem.
Maybe her problem was me

FICTION BY MICHAEL RICHARDS

Bronwyn was mad. I knew that from the start. I should never have got involved, but I did. I'm not a strong man. I don't pretend to be. I was recovering from a disastrous affair and wanted to be loved — liked even. Bronwyn liked me. She liked me enough to drive all day and half the night to spend two days with me every second week. She left home after midnight on Friday morning and drove like a mad woman to join me on the beach as the sun was going down. We spent the weekend together, most of it in bed. On Sunday night she left for home. Every second week for three months she did that. Then I found someone else.

Louise was enchanting. She had the body of a woman and the mind of a child. She was a daddy's girl who had never grown up and she looked for her father in every man she met. A lot of people said she was too good for me.

I first saw her on a rugged headland south of Noosa Heads, crouched precariously on the rocks. She was hunched like a foetus against the wind. The ocean heaved. Great waves that had travelled half way around the world beat themselves to death against the rocks. The spray whipped about her like devils' breath. She stared out over the ocean. She was sucking her thumb.

JELLY BABIES

ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

JELLY BABIES

I saw her again in a nearby hotel. I was surprised to see how tall and supple she was. Her watch had fallen off and she was leaning against the bar, frowning with concentration, as she tried to fix the band.

"Hello," I tendered. "That's a nice watch."

"It's broken," she said.

I bent the small gold clasp into shape and replaced the band about her wrist. She bought me a drink. She was a city girl on holiday between jobs, and due to go home the next day. It was Friday. I asked her to stay for the weekend. She wasn't sure. She was short of money. I offered her a bed.

Louise had big soft eyes. Brown. The sort of eyes with which men fall instantly and irretrievably in love. Men fell for Louise the way children fall for rabbits. I was crazy over her. She had a generous lopsided mouth that spilt across her face like a drink that was too full. When I invited her to stay she smiled clumsily like a great kid and my heart tripped over itself trying to fall in love.

Louise moved in and stayed for the following week. Bronwyn was due on Friday. I telephoned on Thursday and told her not to come. I told her I'd found someone else.

"You don't mean that."

I said, "Yes I do. Her name's Louise and she's beautiful."

"I don't believe you. I'm still coming." That was typical of Bronwyn.

I told her, "I don't want you to come."

"We can talk about it when I get there."

"There's nothing to talk about. I've found someone else and I don't want to see you any more. I don't want you to come this weekend or any other weekend."

She rang off in my ear. At least I'd been honest. Bronwyn was cock happy. She was 35 and she'd never had a good fuck before me. She had two children the father of whom was the only man she'd ever screwed. He gave it to her four or five times a month at 30 seconds a time. In all those years I was the only man who'd ever stirred her guts and made her wet.

I warned Louise. I told her Bronwyn was an old friend who'd never managed to get the message. She could turn up. I said, "I've told her not to come, but if she does..."

It was close to the truth.

I lived in a caravan in a public park two minutes from the beach. I planned that Louise and I would be out most of the weekend. We'd spend Friday and Saturday nights at a hotel or club and the days on the beach. My only worry was that Bronwyn might spend the weekend on my doorstep waiting for us to come home. I knew that she had a sister living nearby. I hoped that if Bronwyn went there her sister would talk her into sense.

On Friday night Louise and I came home late. There was a note under my door. It said: "My darling I'm very sick. I have your

baby inside me and it has died. I can feel it in there. Please come. I'm very sick and I'm frightened. I need you. I think I'm going to die."

At the bottom of the page she'd written her sister's address. Louise saw the note. She asked, "What does it say?" so I showed her.

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," I said. "It's a bluff. She's crazy. I knew she'd do something like this."

"But if she's really sick..."

"She's not sick, but if she is she'll go to a hospital. Either her sister will take her, or she'll go by herself. If I take her that will only make her think I care. Then she'll never leave me alone."

Louise asked, "What if she dies?"

"She won't die."

I pushed Louise up the step and closed the door. Immediately inside was the lounge area. The lounge consisted of an

6

She pushed
forward. The table
collapsed. We crashed —
Lou bit my neck... a
steel fitting bit my thigh.
I held her down

9

L-shaped couch along two walls and a collapsible table that could be lowered to make another bed. I pushed Louise back against the table. Her arms came around me. We kissed. Her big clumsy mouth opened to suck on my tongue and my lips.

I put my hand up her dress, got two fingers inside her. I did it without dragging her pants down. I worked two fingers under the elastic and jammed them inside. She squirmed and tried to pull away. I knew I was hurting her but I didn't stop. I held her against the edge of the table. She twisted her head away but I followed her with my mouth until she gave in. She opened her mouth. Her thighs loosened and her arms tightened about my neck. She was wet. Mucous dripped. It ran across my hand — slippery as oil, hot as blood.

I ripped her pants. She lifted her legs off the floor, opening herself wide. The table took her weight. I disengaged enough to drop my trousers and kick them away. I rammed myself at her. She pushed forward. The table collapsed. We crashed — Lou bit my neck... a steel fitting bit my thigh... all arms legs teeth and blood... to the floor. She struggled to rise. I held her.

down. I didn't care where I went as long as it was hot — inside her. By the time I finished Louise was sobbing. She caught her breath with a choking sound in the back of her throat. I pumped hard, pushed my semen deep in her belly, rammed it in as far as I could. Then I rolled off and lay on my back.

I'm not saying I did the right thing. I'm saying that's what I did. That's the way it was.

I never heard from Bronwyn again.

Louise and I lived in the van for almost a year. After three weeks she took a job. The Big Cow is a huge concrete statue of a cow designed for city people who've never seen a real one. It's as high as a three-storey building, and hollow, so that tourists can climb a ladder into its belly and walk about inside. Nearby is a kiosk that sells souvenirs and refreshments. Louise worked in the kiosk.

Busloads of fat and wrinkled tourists who've nothing better to do walk about inside the concrete cow and stop at the kiosk to buy souvenir pencil sharpeners and teaspoons. They eat whipped cream with glazed cherries, and ice cream with artificial flavors and plastic colors. Down it goes — *kerschlurg*. That's the noise it makes — *kerschlurg*.

While Louise was at the Big Cow I worked on my painting. I had two easels and 30 textured art boards in a canvas annex at the side of my van. Here I worked day after day, painting post-Heidelberg landscapes of gumtrees and deserts that I naively expected to make me famous and rich.

Lou's friends told her she shouldn't go to work. They thought I was bludging off her. Maybe I was. I was ambitious. I wanted to paint. No apologies. No regrets. I did what I did.

Louise came home in mid-afternoon. Sometimes I'd be fed up with painting so we'd spend the rest of the day on the beach. Other days Lou modelled for me. I painted in imitation of Picasso's blue nudes. I never finished any of the nudes. Once Louise stripped I couldn't keep my hands off her. There was an old settee and an arm chair in the annex. We usually ended up making love on the settee.

Louise was supple and strong. She had long legs and her belly was soft but not loose. The only pathetic thing about Lou was her chest. She had good breasts with huge pink nipples but her ribcage was crushed, so her luscious bosom drooped, as though it was ashamed of her womanhood. She had an early morning cough that made her whole body shake.

Louise loved to fuck. That was how she possessed me and made herself mine. She sucked semen from my body and drew it into her own like a drug. She tugged at me — feeding through her arms and her legs and through that pulsing mouth between her thighs — crazy to lose herself in her dreams. As she surrendered her head



JELLY BABIES

began to loll. She clung desperately as her brain floated away. She moaned. Her mouth fell open. She dribbled. Her eyes rolled upwards till only the whites showed.

She had a way of calling my name. She drew it out so the last syllable became a long wailing cry. We were as physically close, whenever I heard it, as two people on this Earth can ever be — yet that involuntary cry, soaring hesitantly to fade and die in the unsympathetic air, served only to remind me of how unutterably alone we both were.

It was after hearing that cry, after unlocking it from Lou's belly and pumping it out through her throat, that I first thought I might like to father a child. From the start I hadn't used contraceptives. Lou told me I didn't need to. I assumed she was using the Pill or an IUD, or that she'd had her tubes tied. I didn't know which, and in the beginning I didn't care.

It was early morning. I was in the annex, painting, when Lou came out of the van. She was always pale and dishevelled when she got out of bed. She coughed pathetically and pulled her dressing gown about her shoulders as she walked between the caravans. The toilets were in a concrete building amidst a grove of mango trees. Louise was in there a long time. When she

returned she had washed her hair, and showered, but still looked pale and weak.

I asked, "Are you all right?"

She said, "I think I'm pregnant."

I looked at her. I was still thinking about the shape of a mountain I'd been trying to get right. Louise had sooty shadows about her eyes. They were soft and without dimension, as though someone had smudged charcoal into the brushstrokes when they painted her face. She was beautiful in a girlish, unhealthy way. I was never sure if her early morning cough was genuinely consumptive or an affectation. On this morning her fragility was endearing.

"Are you angry with me?" she asked like a child. Her eyes welled liquid with doubt — and fear — as though she knew she was going to be hurt.

I said, "I'm not angry" — and I kissed her. I painted the mountain by mixing burnt umber and raw sienna with various shades of blue. The color was right but I still hadn't got the shape.

Lou's first pregnancy lasted only a few weeks. I didn't notice any physical change. If she hadn't been sick in the mornings, and if she hadn't told me, I would never have known — but she had told me, and I did know, so it made a difference to me.

I became gentle, and she responded with childish gratitude. No more did we fuck — we made love. I had never actually decided to become a father, but was con-

tent that it was to happen this way.

Then came the morning when Louise was particularly sick. She stayed in the toilet block so long that I knew something was wrong. She returned pale as death and barely able to stand. She paused under the open flap of the annex. She tottered.

She said, "I'm not pregnant any more."

"What happened?"

"I had a miscarriage. It's gone."

My stomach turned over. Even the word was revolting. I felt sick. I couldn't help it. It must have shown on my face because Louise winced as if she'd been hit. I stepped towards her. She moved away — into the van.

When she came out she wore a light summer frock, and carried a handbag. She didn't pause or look towards me. I watched her thread her way between the other vans towards the bus stop on the highway outside. She had long legs and thick ankles. Her hips rolled awkwardly as though imprisoned under her delicate frock. Watching her was enough to make my penis swell. After she'd gone I masturbated and smeared the semen over my face.

Louise returned after dark. I'd made a sweet curry with chicken, mango and coconut milk. I'd eaten mine, but there was plenty left.

"Do you want some curry?"

"I'm not hungry."





Keep them in their place!

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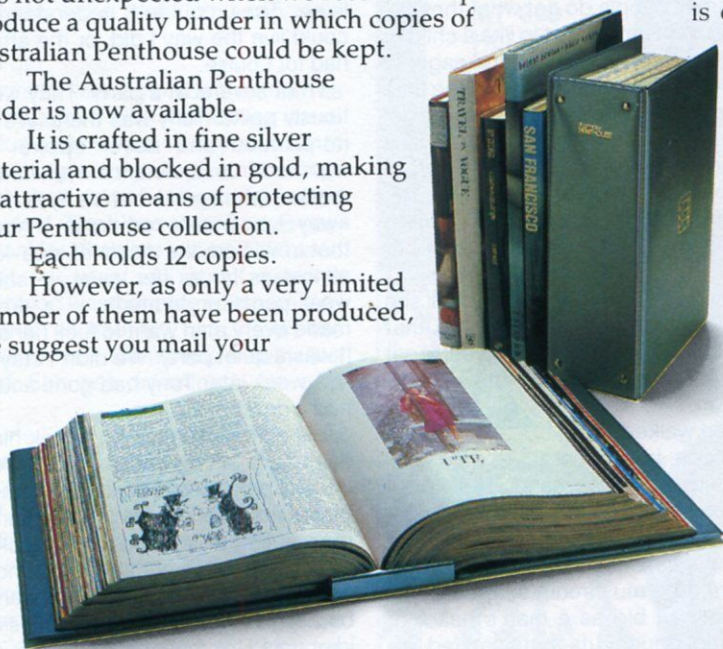
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JELLY BABIES

"Did you see a doctor?"

"I don't need a doctor."

I looked at her. Her eyes avoided mine. She spoke out the window to the moonlight: "I told you. It was nothing. Just a miscarriage. Early term. It's happened before."

"What do you mean, 'It's happened before'?"

She turned to me. It was the first time I'd seen her gentle brown eyes capable of hate. "You don't know much about women, do you?"

I said, "I think I'll do some painting."

Her voice was very cold. "Yes. You do that."

So I did. I had a fluorescent light rigged in the annex. I worked on an outback landscape. There was a station building, a windmill, a rusted water tank, and the half decomposed carcass of a sheep. The colors were all wrong under the imperfect spectrum of the vapor discharge tube, but I didn't know that. The colors looked okay to me.

That night I had a dream. I saw a foetus, a squashed bloody tadpole with my face, expressed headfirst from Lou. It splashed into the toilet. The sound echoed all round the ceramic bowl. *Doom* — that was the sound it made. The mangled foetus bobbed in the bloody water. I couldn't tell if it was a boy or a girl. Then Louise pressed the flush button. The foetus was swirled around the bowl and sucked through the S-bend. It made the same sound as the fat people eating ice cream at the Big Cow — *kerschlung*.

I woke. Lou was beside me. She was crying. She reached for me — tentative at first, expecting me to push her away — but once she touched me she held on.

She said something I couldn't hear. Her voice was so soft I had to ask her to say it again. She whispered, tentative as a mouse, "I wanted to have your baby."

I wet my finger in the tears that flowed from her eyes. With my wet finger I traced the contours of her face. I said, "It doesn't matter. We'll try again."

"Will we?"

"If you want to," I said.

She fell on me gratefully with her big clumsy mouth.

Several weeks later Louise was pregnant again. This time she kept it longer but the end result was the same. *Doom* — as the foetus fell into the toilet. Lou pressed the flush button — *kerschlung*.

She had a tear in her womb. That's why we never had to use contraceptives. Every time her body began a menstrual cycle she became pregnant. She carried the foetus for a few weeks — then her body threw it out. After that first time she never told me she was pregnant, but I recognised the signs. I always knew when she miscarried. One after the other they went, foetus after

bloody foetus, into the bowl, and sucked through the S-bend — *kerschlung* — then along the long pipe, down a gradient of one part in 40, under the mango trees, and out to the sea.

Lou could have had an operation. That was what she told me. She could have had the tear in her womb repaired — then we might have had a child. Instead there was a succession of spontaneous abortions. Each foetus had my face. I saw them in my dreams, pinched and wrinkled, and covered with mucous and blood — but undeniably mine — one after the other. "*Kerschlung. Kerschlung.*" Through the S-bend and out to the sea.

I wondered if any of them were alive. They were too young to survive for long. And they weren't human at this early stage — I knew that. Just blobs of gelatinous protein pulsing with primitive life. Still I wondered if they might have lived a few hours. Conceived and suspended in the amniotic

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"You're too late. It's already dead." "How do you know?" She was right. It was impossible to tell. A jellyfish has a limited repertoire.

9

fluid of the womb, might they not survive a little while in the sea, bobbing about like jellyfish on the waves?

Sometimes people do get what they deserve. Lou dominated my life like a child or a big puppy, clumsy, lovable, and eager to please. She loved me, and most of the time she made me feel good — but she was demanding in the same way that a child or a puppy is demanding, and as easily hurt. A harsh word, or even a look, made her cringe. I gave her enough affection to keep her with me, but never enough to let her relax.

In many ways she was a child, but she had a corrupt and diabolical womb that regularly gave life to our offspring and spat them down the toilet like half-chewed and bloody gum.

We often walked along the beach in the late afternoon. In summer there'd be jellyfish washed up on the sand. The Portuguese Men Of War were most common. When the north-east winds blew they littered the sands like blue flowers. Other days there'd be mushroom-shaped blobs of clear jelly as big as a man's head, or small perfect doughnuts that sparkled like

crystal on the beach. They were nudged shorewards by the peaking waves, thrown down and buried in the breakers, and hustled ashore by the rushing froth.

The jellyfish fascinated Louise. She asked, "Do they sting?"

"Only the blue ones."

Lou picked up a blob of clear jelly and placed it in the water. The tumbling foam nudged it ashore. She put it in the water again, a little further out.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm putting it back in the water."

"I can see that."

"I'm trying to save its life."

"You're too late. It's already dead."

"How do you know?"

She was right. It was impossible to tell. A jellyfish has a limited repertoire. Dead or alive, it still floats.

We walked along the beach. The damp sand was cool between my toes. The dying sun lent a gold filigree to Lou's hair.

Lou said, "Tony wants to marry me."

"Who?"

"Tony. My boss. He's in love with me."

"He's already married."

"He wants a divorce. He said if I won't agree he's going to leave. He can't bear to see me every day and know I'm with you."

I looked at her.

She asked, "Aren't you jealous?"

"No."

"Oh." She seemed disappointed.

"Why? Do I have reason to be?"

"No."

"That's all right then."

I had few friends. I'd lost most of them because of the way I'd treated Bronwyn, and during the disastrous end of my previous affair. The few that remained thought Louise was wonderful. Her friends either hated or despised me. So did the people she worked with. I think they were frightened of me too. They all lived conventional lives. They couldn't understand how I could live the way I did, or the attraction I had for Louise.

I met several at a party. They were cautiously polite. Tony was there. We weren't introduced and never spoke, but he watched from a distance. I felt him assess me, but whenever I met his eyes he turned away. Lou wore a red dress. It had a split that revealed the flesh of one long leg almost as far as her waist — she didn't wear pants underneath — a dress that made every man want to fuck her on sight. It was a quiet party. We didn't stay long.

A week later Tony had gone and Louise had a new boss.

His name was Gerald. It took him three days to fall in love with Louise. A month later he proposed. She didn't tell me about that at first, but one day I came home from my painting lesson to find her packing her bags. One suitcase was closed and standing by the door. Another was open on the bed. It had most of her clothes inside. Any idiot could tell that she'd had enough. She

was getting out. I couldn't blame her.

I asked, "What are you doing?"

She wouldn't look at me. "I'm packing my bags."

I said, "I can see that."

"I'm going to marry Gerald."

"Do you love him?"

"He loves me." She still wouldn't look up. I couldn't see her face.

"But do you love him?"

She lifted her head from the suitcase. Very slowly she raised her face to mine. I saw the pain swim in her eyes.

She said, "I'm 27."

I watched her pack the rest of her things. It was dusk outside. Inside the van the light was dim.

Louise asked, "Will you hit that switch?" I turned on the light. The sleeping compartment already seemed cold and bare. "Hit that switch" was something I'd taught Lou to say.

She said, "You don't care, do you? You don't love me."

"No. I don't love you."

She said, "You're as cold as a fish. You can never love anyone. You're going to die a lonely old man." She closed the suitcase and locked it. "You don't know what you're losing," she said.

Soon after that she was gone.

I walked alone on the beach the next day and the next. The wind was south-east. The sky hung low and dirty. Huge breakers rolled in from the Pacific Ocean and crashed on to the beach. The jellyfish season was over but a few sordid specimens lay smashed and torn apart on the sand. Yet everything seemed unreal, as though I experienced a merely fictional life.

Only my dreams seemed to be real. Night after night I was haunted by a woman with blood gushing from her. Sometimes she had Bronwyn's face and sometimes Lou's and sometimes I couldn't tell which.

"I'm dying," she said. "You can save me."

I never did.

The woman was entombed within the guts of a huge cow. She was always aborting. Foetus after foetus — like a string of busted sausages they dropped from her. Blood splashed down her legs and pooled about her feet. The blood rose. Soon it covered her ankles, then her knees. The blood rose past her waist. All about her this ocean of blood was bobbing with mangled jellyfish that all had my face. Soon the blood invaded her nostrils and mouth. Still it gushed. She was drowning in her own blood.

"Help me."

I floated on top of the blood on a raft made of paintings. I was eating ice cream. All I had to do was reach out my hand. I never did. I watched Louise/Bronwyn drown. The blood continued to rise.

I couldn't paint. I drank slowly but heavily and ceaselessly. One evening I staggered into the annex and saw my paintings

clearly for the first time. I saw how bad they were — stiff, self-conscious, and contrived. I'd worked for almost a year on those paintings but they had nothing to do with my life. I smashed them to pieces with an axe. Then I burned them.

It was a month before I began to paint again. Two weeks later Lou returned. I was walking along the beach when she found me. She materialised alongside and we kept silent company with the waves. Silver gulls scattered from our path. We were half way along the beach before she spoke.

"What happened to your paintings?"

"I burned them."

I knew she had liked those paintings. She wouldn't understand the new ones. Nor would she like them. She wouldn't like the blood, or the twisted figures — yet they were far better paintings than those I'd done before. I was certain of that.

Finally Lou asked, "Aren't you glad I came back?"

I said, "I'm glad you came back."

Much later we lay naked on my bed — our legs twisted together like ropes, our thighs slippery with mucous and sweat, me soft but tumescent, Lou wet and loose.

I said, "I want you to remember I didn't ask you to come back. You came of your own will."

She removed my arm from across her chest. She untangled her legs. She sat up.

"Jesus you're a bastard. You won't give, will you?"

"No," I said. "Not an inch."

Lou said, "We don't use inches any more."

Sometime during the night I began to cry. I don't know what caused it. Bloody stupid of me. I remember apologising to Louise. "I'm sorry," I said. "Sorry I'm so selfish, sorry I hurt you, sorry I'm so weak."

Louise held me, cradled my head like a child's. She was remarkably gentle. Her voice was as soft as the scent of summer mangoes on a whispering ocean breeze. She forgave me for everything. There was nothing to forgive — "You can't help it. You're only a man."

I seemed to be floating on a warm ocean, rocking easily to the rhythm of the waves. I was washed on to a fragrant shore and woke to find my face between Lou's naked thighs.

She smelt moist and warm, like home-cooked biscuits and coffee made on boiled milk. I thought of my mother. Lou stirred, spread her thighs so the steamy breath released from her vagina kissed my tongue. I buried my nose inside her. Her lips were hot and wet on my face. I drank her sweet juice. My mother was calling me. I pressed my nose further in — I was suffocating — then my head. I crawled through her, curled up inside her womb and went to sleep.

Again I was rocking, rocking in a warm sea. 



♣ Despite its perversity, the penis is actually controlled by the brain ♣

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

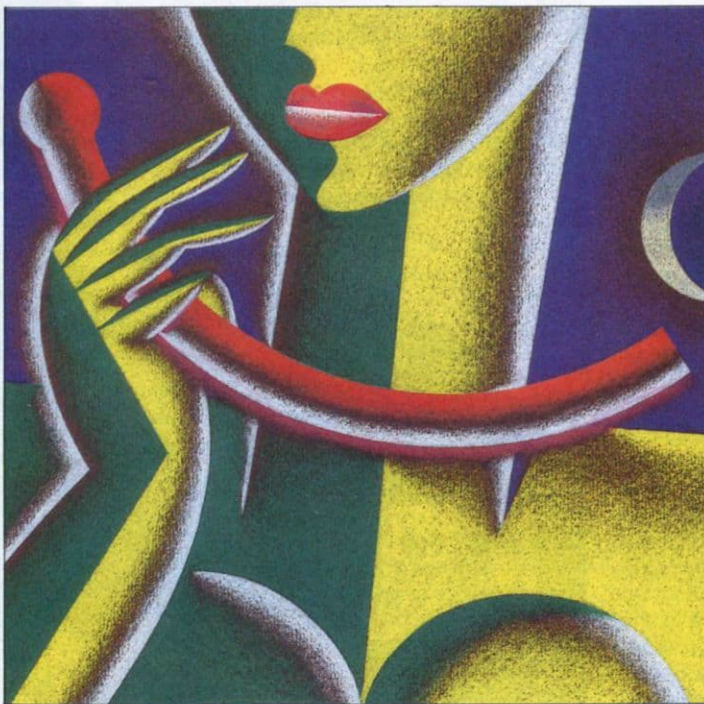
CALL ME MADAM

The harder they come

I have a problem you can help me with. I am a 20-year-old male and generally don't have difficulties meeting women. My problem started with my first sexual experience. My first girlfriend was not a virgin, but I was when we met. She pushed me pretty hard to have sex, even though I was scared and didn't quite know what to do. At any rate, I could not get it up. This went on for about two months. When we finally did make love, it was wonderful. She and I never experienced this problem again.

Since then, I have gone through the same problem with every girlfriend I have had. Sometimes after a week or two of unsuccessful trying, I am able to perform. Other times it might take a lot longer. On one occasion I remember going to bed with a girl where it took two or three hours of her laying on top of me, rubbing her crotch against mine, before I finally got hard. Another time, I was in a bar and went home with a girl I picked up. Unfortunately, I fell asleep soon after arriving at her place. In the middle of the night, I woke up to find her giving me a blowjob. Before I was fully awake, I had a hard-on. We fucked all night, and again in the morning, without any problems. Often I wake up with a hard-on next to a girl with whom I've been impotent the night before.

This leads me to believe that for some reason I am scared of girls and cannot consciously get erect. I know this is a mental problem and not a physical one, because in the right situation I have no problem at all. I am not one of those people who was taught that sex is wrong or dirty. In fact, I think sex is the best thing since sliced bread. I love the female body and enjoy spending many hours in foreplay. I am very comfortable in bed with a woman until I start thinking about the possibility of not being able



to get it up. Any solution you may have will be of great help. — E.Y.

The male sexual organ is a wayward little prick and frequently behaves in a manner that is totally unrelated to the thoughts of its owner. Imaginative males have been inventing pet names for their perverse little pals based on their behavior since the beginning of time. He has been christened everything from "Dingle-Dangle" to "Holy Poker," from "Hanging Johnny" to "Tally Wacker."

You may find a female irresistibly attractive, but your pecker just hangs its head and ignores her. The next day, however, on a crowded bus or in the middle of your final exams, it suddenly stands to attention for no reason at all, to the enormous embarrass-

ment of the man at the top. This problem is relatively common in young men of your age and is usually caused by lack of confidence or fear of failure. Unfortunately, it tends to magnify itself because the surest way to stay soft is to worry about not being able to get hard.

Despite its perversity, the penis is actually controlled by the brain, and although the programmer of that neurotic computer lives in a bomb-proof bunker somewhere between your ears, there are ways to reach him. Your dick can usually be coaxed upright by manual manipulation. In the privacy of your room, you can experiment on the kind of caress you like best. I once knew a man who used to smack his cock with the flat of his hand and say, "Take that, you little bastard!" It would usually spring erect! You can also try visual stimulation. Shop around for some really juicy adult films. If the actuality of a real woman awaiting your attentions scares the shit out of you, you can try to see in your mind's eye the particular combination of photographic cock-

baiting that turned you on in celluloid.

Erective surgery

I am a 71-year-old male. About two years ago I became unable to obtain an erection stiff enough to penetrate a vagina. (The "stuffing" technique will not work on a tight vagina that has never been stretched by giving birth.)

My wife and I continue a reasonably active sex life through manual and oral techniques. The loss of normal ability has had an understandably adverse effect on my ego and self-confidence.

I have heard that there are two surgical procedures that can solve this problem. One consists of implanting a silicone solution and a small pump in the scrotum. The other consists of implanting semi-flexible silver/silicone rods in the penis.

Do you have any opinion on the effectiveness of these procedures and, if effective, which is preferable? Do you believe it is foolish for a man of my age to be considering this matter? — C.R.

We have to respect an older person who leads a healthy, active life in everyday activities. But people tend to classify older males who still desire a normal sex life as dirty old men. I disagree. I do not consider your desire for a fuller sex life at all foolish, but there are certain factors to consider. A penile implant is a surgical operation, however minor, and the older the patient, the greater the risk factor in surgery. Unfortunately, I have no first-hand experience of penis-stiffeners, although I have seen well-written and profusely illustrated accounts of both types of operation.

One snag is that it seems to me that the science is still in its infancy. The healthy penis is equipped with so much erectile tissue that when it stiffens it also increases in size and sensitivity. This is not the case with an implant.

With the silver/silicone rod you have to live with a permanent semi-erection, which must on occasion be both inconvenient and uncomfortable. The silicone-and-pump solution seems like a sort of sexual wheelchair, and therefore not of great assistance to your ego or self-confidence. Before you go any further, I would suggest that you consult a sexologist who is also a qualified doctor. In any case, the first thing to do is to find out if your inability to get a hard-on is physical or psychological. A normal man frequently gets an erection in his sleep, and if this happens to you it means there is nothing wrong with you physically. To test this, you simply stick a piece of paper round your cock before you go to sleep. If it is broken in the morning, it means that nature's machinery is still functioning and the problem is in your head. In which case I suggest you try porn video, erotic literature, or a pretty young prostitute. If the problem is physical, a high-protein diet and plenty of exercise may also help. Surgery in sex, as in other as-

pects of life, should only be a last resort, but in some cases it is necessary.

Love for sale

I am a 21-year-old young lady. I have two kids and we're on welfare. It's been difficult to find a job with two small children to care for. Most of my relationships with men have been great in every aspect except financially. In fact, many of them are downright stingy. Since I'm the type of woman who feels that you can't get anywhere without money, I always end up letting them go.

Here's my problem. The landlord of the building I'm living in has presented me with an offer. I've been living here for five years and have gotten to know him quite well. He knows of my financial situation, and also is aware of the way I feel about men. The other day we were talking and he asked me to be his lover. In return, he would help me out financially. This sounds great to me. He's married, with an eight-year-old daughter, but this doesn't bother me at all. What I want to know is how do I go about making sure he gives me the things I need? I thought you'd be the best person to help me out. — U.P.

To have one fatherless child could be put down to bad luck, but two looks like gross carelessness. To be a success in this world, you don't necessarily have to be a genius, but whatever you do, you have to do it well. So far in your career as a woman,

you have apparently made two big mistakes and who knows how many other little ones. Now you have an opportunity to get yourself together. Grab it with both hands, but don't rip the poor guy off for every cent he has.

Your landlord is, in fact, offering you a job, and your prospects of success depend entirely on how well you do it. My first advice to you is, instead of asking yourself, "How can I get what I want?", your question should be, "How can I keep this guy happy?"

I think it would be clever to agree right at the beginning that you get your place rent free, and maybe a weekly payment. It sounds as if everything you want in life can be bought with money, so this should be okay for starters. Remember to be careful not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. You must learn to be a lover, which means that whenever your fancy man is around, you should make him feel great. Whatever you do, don't get knocked up again — get on the Pill, have an IUD fitted, or even get your tubes tied.

With the extra money you get, it would be clever to get a baby-sitter so you could go to classes and get some qualifications for a job that is available in your area.

Boy toys

My boyfriend and I are experiencing a frustration we believe other people must be encountering as well. We greatly enjoy



XAVIERA

reading while touching ourselves or each other. I enjoy using a vibrator while reading or fantasizing. Our problem is that we cannot find a satisfying accessory for my boyfriend to use alone or with me. We have tried a vibrating sleeve, but the vibrations were too weak and the sleeve itself too awkward. We have searched stores but the selection in male sexual accessories is poor and limited. It is so disappointing. Can you suggest anything my boyfriend could enjoy? We would be very appreciative. — A.R.

After studying various catalogues and examining the stock of sex shops in European cities, I am forced to agree with you. Available accessories for male masturbation are uninspiring and limited. In addition to the vibrating sleeves, various artificial vaginas are available. Though why a guy would want to screw around with a synthetic pussy when he has the real thing available is beyond my comprehension. Here is an opportunity for enterprising and far-sighted designers in the field of domestic engineering to come up with something more exciting for men to use as an aid to self-gratification.

Personally, I oppose using mechanical devices in company. I think that a lot of the fun and excitement about sex comes from

using your imagination to stimulate your partner in original and thrilling ways. I think of you and your boyfriend sitting side by side, both with a copy of Penthouse and each of you listlessly holding an electric appliance against your crotches. It reminds me of a bored truck driver sitting in a roadside cafe reading a magazine that is propped against a tomato sauce bottle while he consumes a boring, tasteless meal.

There has to be more to life than this!

Nursing a grievance

I am a 25-year-old male, a successful businessman, and considered fairly attractive. Celeste is 24, a registered nurse, and very beautiful. Before we were married two years ago, our sex life was fantastic. Whenever we were together we could not keep our hands off each other. I have been faithful to Celeste since the first day we met. The opportunity to have sex with other women has presented itself, but I was very happy with our sex life as it was.

Celeste seems to have lost her sexual appetite. She is and always has been very shy when it comes to openly discussing sex. Straight missionary position is usually the only position Celeste wants to make love in.

Sometimes we try variations at my gentle insistence, but I never force anything on my wife. I love to perform oral sex on Celeste, and have been told by past

lovers that I am very good. I am not a selfish lover, but work hard to please my partner. I am no less attractive than when we met, and indeed our marriage is strong in every way except sex. I just want to know if there is any way to "bring back that loving feeling."

If this situation can't be resolved, am I doomed to a life of perpetual horniness? Should I attempt a purely physical relationship with another woman? I am at a loss as to what I should do. I don't want to hurt or lose my wife, because I truly love her. But I can't ignore the urges within my body. After all, I'm only 25 and I have a long and enjoyable sexual career ahead of me, if only I can get through this emotionally trying situation. Thank you, Xaviera, for your help. — L.S.

Just as there are a few rare individuals around who are not interested in money, there are also a number of people in the world who are just not interested in sex. Some of these are stirred into brief hormonal activity by falling in love, but soon the old pattern reasserts itself. Obviously some men are technically better lovers than others. Usually when a man says that he is considered to be "very good" and therefore whatever is wrong cannot be his fault, I immediately get the feeling that it probably is.

Something is wrong with your relationship, and you are not observant enough to have noticed what it is. You tell me that your wife is a registered nurse, which is an honorable and responsible profession, but it is unusual to find a nurse who is shy about physical matters. She would not be very good at her job if this were the case. You don't seem very interested in her profession, and you don't even mention whether or not she is still working as a nurse, so it is presumably not very important to you, but it may be to her! Have you thought of that?

There is a definite lack of communication between you and Celeste. I suspect that she has been trying to tell you something for ages and you just haven't noticed. That is why you accuse her of being "shy" in matters physical.

She could be trying to tell you that she doesn't have quite the same sexual appetite as you, or maybe that she would prefer more quality and less quantity, but whatever it is, you must discuss it with her and soon.

As a successful businessman you presumably have a car, a secretary, a computer, and a home full of sophisticated equipment. You may have forgotten that your wife is not a fancy gadget that you screw on the bed in the morning before you go to work, at night before you go to sleep, and several times on weekends. She is another human being, and unless you notice this curious fact, your relationship, sexual and otherwise, is doomed to disaster. ☪





N A T I O N A L A D V I S O R Y

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WOULDN'T HAVE
BEEN CAUGHT
DEAD WEARING
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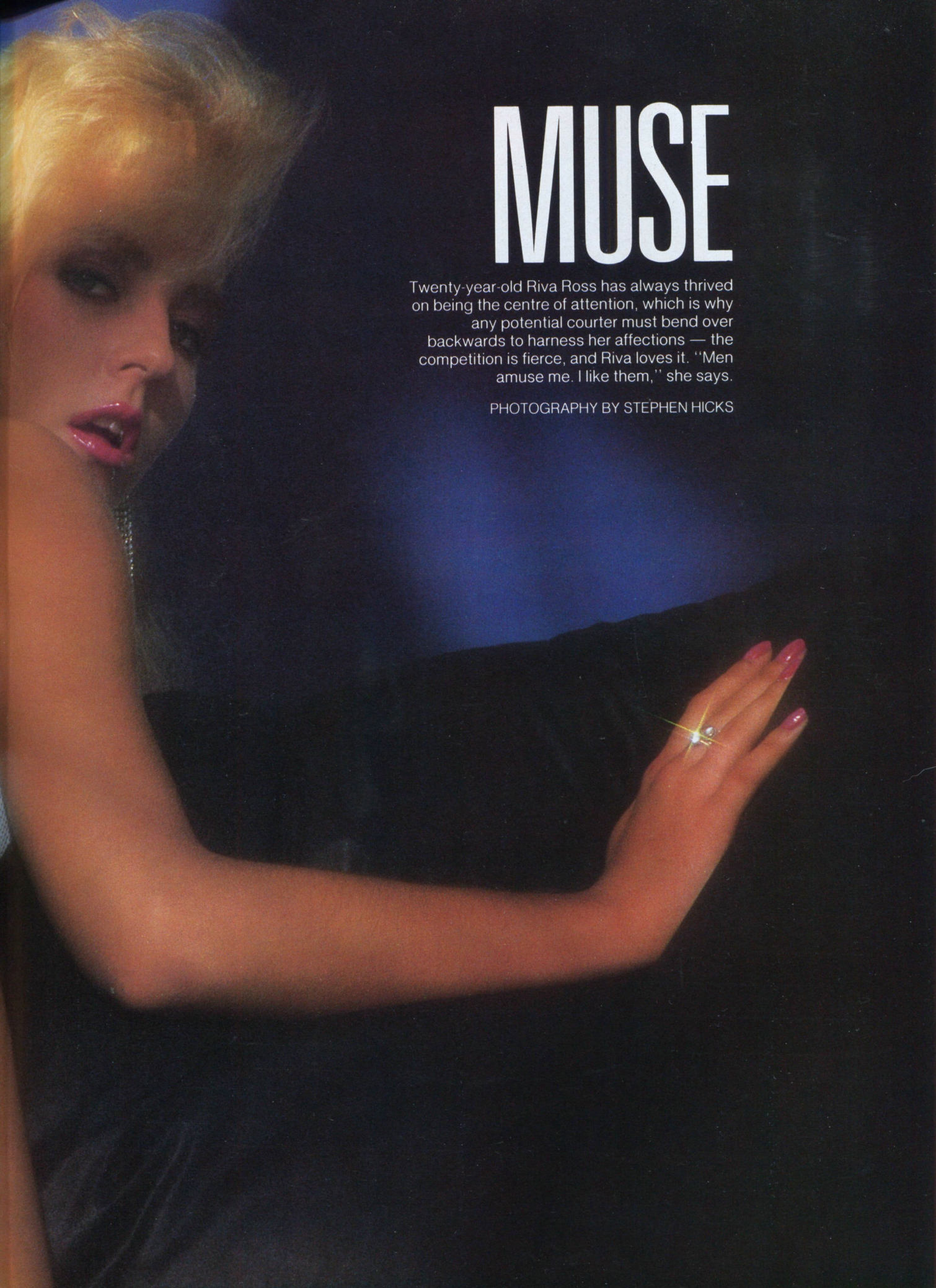
AIDS 19, DFS.47 PE

P R E V E N T I O N I S T H E

You don't have to be homosexual to get AIDS. Just sexual. And casual sex without a condom is a death wish. The frightening fact is that more than 50,000 men and women in Australia now carry the AIDS virus. But what's even more frightening is that most of them don't know it. And anyone of them could give it to you. So if you have sex, do it with one safe sex partner. Or do it with a condom. A safe sex partner is someone who is not sexually involved with anyone other than you. And not involved with intravenous drug abuse and needle sharing. If you don't know where the person you are sleeping with slept last night or a month or a year ago, don't take the risk. Wear a condom. Precautions as simple as these will stop the transfer of infected body fluids such as semen, vaginal fluids or blood. Follow them as if your life depends on it. It does. You can find out more about AIDS in a brochure prepared by the National Advisory Committee on AIDS which is obtainable from Doctors, Pharmacies, Medicare and Department of Social Security Offices. Please read this brochure thoroughly. If you don't the penalty could be death.

NACAIDS
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MUSE

Twenty-year-old Riva Ross has always thrived on being the centre of attention, which is why any potential courter must bend over backwards to harness her affections — the competition is fierce, and Riva loves it. "Men amuse me. I like them," she says.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS



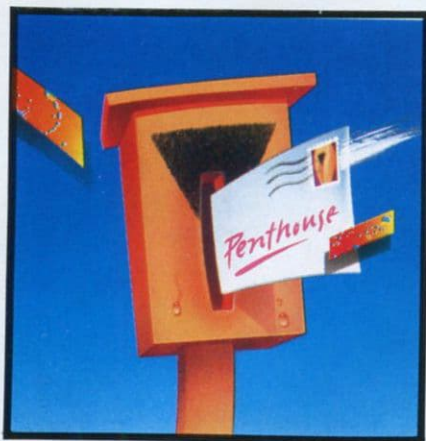
"I have had portraits painted of me,
poems written to me and speeches made
in restaurants to me. I've seen incredible
acts of idiocy performed to try and win
me, even fights over me . . . I think I'm an
inspiration to men's resources, because I
demand everything."



However "everything" sometimes isn't good enough for Riva. "Perhaps it's a fault of mine, but, you see, I just want more, more and more. I love the little boy behind the man, and frustrating him seems to bring out some of the drama that makes life a little more interesting . . ."







FORUM

Continued from page 16

my mind on her mother's conversation, but most of my brain focused on my steel-hard dick which was finally getting the attention it needed. I couldn't even believe Chelsea would dare to jack me off so close to her parents, so imagine my surprise when she moved her mouth to my cockhead and began to lick it.

Chelsea is an excellent cocksucker; a few girls sucked my dick before I met her, but none came close to her in talent or enthusiasm. Usually a girl would do most of the work with her hand, grudgingly put her mouth over my tip, and then spit out as much of my juice as possible. Chelsea, however, is unbelievable. She usually lavishes my shaft with her tongue, never her fingers, until she is sure that I can barely keep from shooting jism all over her

face. She then likes to plunge my tool into her mouth until all eight inches fill her throat like a sword of flesh. While she squeezes my come-filled balls with one hand, she bobs her head wildly up and down my cock, all the while sliding her tongue around its entire length. Needless to say, no man can long endure such pleasure, and I promptly blast a healthy load of semen into her mouth. Sometimes she swirls it around her mouth and savors the taste of my seed, but Chelsea will eventually swallow every drop of sperm that touches her lips.

Even in this daring mood, however, Chelsea couldn't give me her full treatment two feet behind her parents' back. Still, in my overexcited state, it didn't take much to make me blow my load. With my jeans still on, she could only get about half of my length past her lips, but she made full use of every inch, lapping her tongue around and around the head of my cock. Her tongue dabbled in my juice slit, and I began to pump jism into my woman's mouth. I wanted to fuck my meat in and out of her, but all I could do was grit my teeth and tightly clench the seat as she emptied my balls into her stomach.

I finally stopped coming, and when I softened in her mouth, Chelsea tucked my penis back into my pants, zipped me up, and sat up just before we reached my house. She gave me a satisfied smile and a kiss goodnight, and I went to bed, still not sure if this had really happened. — *Name and address withheld*

There's the rub

I treated myself to a skiing holiday after months of hard work. The trip was great,

but it's what happened afterward that I'm writing about. Just so you get the picture, I want you to picture me. I have blonde hair, and a body that I'm proud of — small, but firm tits and an arse that fills out my jeans just perfectly. On my holiday I took advantage of the sun, so I also have a beautiful winter tan.

I was achy and tired from all the exercise I had on the slopes, so my first day back I decided to take advantage of the sauna in my health club. As I entered the foyer of the facility, the receptionist told me that the club had recently added a massage service and there was a special cut-rate price. I'd never had a professional massage before, but right then I figured it was just the thing for my sore muscles.

Ten minutes later I was lying on my stomach, naked except for a towel that covered my arse. I was wondering who the club had hired as masseur when I heard a deep male voice say hi. I jumped, but had the sense to keep the towel around me. I turned around and saw a gorgeous body in a tight T-shirt and even tighter running shorts.

"My name is Gilbert," he said. "Are you ready for a nice massage?" I found myself alternating between feelings of embarrassment at being naked and horniness for this incredible stud in front of me. I decided to go for it and lay back down on the table. For the next half hour I was in heaven; there wasn't a part of me uncovered by the towel that hadn't been caressed by those wonderful hands.

During the massage, Gilbert was silent. I could tell he was working hard, because I sneaked a peek at him and saw that his body was covered by a light sheen of sweat. As I looked at him standing over me and felt his fingers all over my body, I started to get wet. I couldn't believe it; this guy was going to make me come and I didn't even know him. The pleasure I was feeling was out of this world and I started grinding my pussy against the table. Suddenly, he slipped his hand under the towel and began lightly stroking my arse. I looked up at him in surprise. He flashed his brilliant white smile at me and innocently asked, "Is everything okay?"

I nodded and relaxed, a slave to those erotic, oily fingers that had me a slave to my body. When I felt Gilbert stop for a moment, I turned and looked at him again. This time, I found myself staring at the most beautiful dick I've ever seen, and one of the biggest too. Sometime during my massage he had slipped out of his shorts and let his surging penis out. Slowly he pulled on my ankles so that I slid down the table, my wet and waiting pussy coming closer and closer to his dick. I could feel the head as it parted the lips of my pussy. I wanted to be fucked more than I had ever wanted anything else in my whole life. In he slid, gently but forcefully grinding his cock deep within my cunt until I *knew* I could take no more. I guess Gilbert could sense that as he built

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FORUM

up the rhythm of his strokes to a furious pace. With the way I squirmed and twisted, I don't know how Gilbert managed to stay inside me as I felt the shock waves of my orgasm flood my entire body.

Gilbert gave me a few seconds to relax, then started thrusting again slowly. I wanted to watch him fuck me, so I raised myself up on my arms. Not once during my manoeuvres did he stop pumping. By this time I was ready again, so I twisted my long legs around his waist to pull him in closer. I could just reach down and grab his balls. If I could have stuffed them in me, I would have. It must have been my touch on his swollen balls that did it, because he started to come in me. I used my legs to pull him closer still and felt him drain his spunk deep into my cunt.

Ever since that day I've been a confirmed addict of massages. Now, however, I don't have to pay for them. Gilbert has started a profitable sideline by making housecalls. — *Name and address withheld*

Shopping around

I decided to take a job in Queensland, moving from my hometown in the south following an emotional breakup with my girlfriend. After a few months of settling into my new job, I began looking for a place of

my own. I took a day off from work and made an appointment to see a real estate agent whose firm represented a brand-new complex of condominiums.

Arriving at the firm's office at mid-morning, I could have been knocked over with a feather at the sight of my agent. She was a tall slender blonde with the best looking arse and tits I've ever seen on a woman. She was also dressed to kill, wearing a fashionable black leather skirt, red pullover, dark stockings, and stunning high-heeled shoes. It was obvious she found me attractive by her gentle handshake and a look that left my dick in an aching pulsation. It was hard to stick to business and survey her luscious body at the same time.

After a lengthy discussion, we decided to drive to the complex I had inquired about to look over the unit and talk business. It was apparent that her motives were less than businesslike when in the middle of a sentence she leaned back in her chair and loosened the strap of her shoe. She dangled it on the end of her toe teasingly while taking notice of the bulge in my trousers. I was determined to make love to her before the afternoon was over.

When some of the staff began filing back into the office, I dropped all thoughts of seducing her on her desk and suggested we leave. She led me to her car in the parking area and drove me to the complex. Her long slender thighs became exposed as her

skirt rode up while she rubbed her knees together. She totally blew me away by massaging my knee during the conversation, and asking me if I would like to have dinner one night. I readily replied yes, and boldly kissed her smiling lips while we sat at a red light.

Arriving at the complex, she led me upstairs to a furnished unit, and after a look around and a brief discussion, we parked ourselves on the sofa and talked prices while she touched herself. She was stroking her long legs and making my dick go crazy. I suggested she dim the lights to see how the room would feel. She stood up and made a real show of slipping out of her shoes. Once the lights were down, I startled her when I walked up behind her, shirtless, and embraced her in a braille reading of her body. She spun around and melted into my arms while I kissed her passionately, my tongue exploring her mouth and the nape of her neck. Moving my hands under her sweater, I unclipped her bra, exposing her breasts. Discarding my trousers, she eagerly knelt between my legs, took my swollen tool into her mouth, and teased me harder than I have ever been before. Before I came, I brought her to her feet and relieved her of her top, dropped her skirt to her ankles, and helped her slip out of her stockings. We then lowered ourselves to a large pillow in the lounge room.

Robbing her of her soaked panties, I

pulled her thighs open and tongued her swollen clit while she arched her back and softly sighed. With her pussy juicing out of control, we fondled each other in sensuous foreplay. When our genitals could stand the pounding no longer, she whispered, "Make love to me. Fuck me with that dick." I slipped my pounding rod into her soft cunt, both of us moaning in ecstasy as my dick slid farther into her. She wrapped her legs around my back as I nailed her naked body down with my muscular frame and forcefully fucked her, drilling my tool in and out of her. She came more than once as I exploded deep inside her. Her hot orgasm was enough to bring me off again instantaneously as we tenderly collapsed.

In the next few hours, we totally lost it. Drenched in sweat, we wildly devoured each other, making love again and again and again. If I fucked her once, I fucked her ten times while squeezing her arse, tonguing her tits, and kissing her deeply and passionately in between. We then went between each other's legs and slowly sucked out the remaining lust.

We took a long hot shower together and dressed. Helping her slip back into her clothes made me hard again. We both fell to the floor, where I quickly entered her now-sore cunt and slowly fucked her once more while she thrust her leather-clad hips back at me and caressed me with her silk-encased legs.

Finally satisfied, I swept her off her feet

and carried her to her car, gingerly easing her into the seat. We slowly drove to my flat, kissed, and reluctantly parted. Though the deal fell through, we continued our lustful afternoon sessions, devouring each other regularly. I'm not sure whether or not marriage is in our future since we both see other people. But whenever the lady is a guest in my place, I can't help but think how my experience with her has broadened my viewpoint in the sense of meeting more women. This may soon help me to settle into the type of relationship I'm looking for. But hopefully, not too soon. — *Name and address withheld*

If the shirt fits . . .

My wife and I had a holiday at one of the largest Canadian ski resorts. When Faye and I arrived there, we unpacked and decided to check out the amenities. Our room was on the second floor, overlooking a large indoor pool. Since it was early evening, we decided to go for a quick dip before hitting the hotel bar.

The bar was very crowded with largely American vacationers taking full advantage of the plush surroundings. The only available seating was at a large table for six right next to the dance floor. Shortly after we sat down, three suntanned ski bums asked if they could share our table. We readily agreed, and they introduced themselves as Drew, Howie, and Andy. At about midnight, the deejay announced a wet

T-shirt contest. Being a bit of an exhibitionist, this was right up Faye's alley and she was the first to volunteer. The idea was for the women to take over the dance floor in their wet T-shirts and dance until all but one were eliminated by the crowd's applause. I knew right away that Faye was in there with more than just a good chance; besides being a terrific dancer, she has a firm pair of 38-inch mammaries.

There were about 24 women on the dance floor. They all removed their jeans, and the deejay wet them down the front of their shirts and the back of their panties. As you can imagine, it was a lovely sight. The guys at our table, myself included, were practically drooling at the sight of 48 erect nipples. Faye's perfect dark brown bush and the crack of her arse were pretty well exposed through her nearly transparent white bikinis. After the third song, all but three women were eliminated and Faye was one of the remainders. To the beat of the music, all three of them removed their T-shirts. Although the other two girls had great sets, they were nowhere near Faye's class, and she won easily.

Faye strutted back to our table amid applause and whistles. She stood behind my chair talking to us guys for a good five minutes before she "remembered" to put her jeans and T-shirt back on. The cotton material was still wet, and as the shirt dried, I'm sure I was not alone in feeling disappointed as the splendid view of her nipples

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FORUM

faded from sight.

When the bar closed, we asked everyone back to our room to continue the party. I poured the drinks while Faye "changed into something more comfortable." She came out of the bathroom wearing only a short, sheer black robe that left little to the imagination. As she sat perched on the edge of an armchair, she squirmed, seemingly trying to get the front of the robe to fall open to enhance the view. I jokingly asked, "Do you have ants in your pants?" Faye smiled and said, "No, but I have an itch that needs scratching and I guess you four guys ought to be able to do the job." With that she gave up all pretense and took off the robe.

Andy quickly got out of his clothes and walked up to her. She reached out and started sucking his cock. After a few minutes of this, he parted her thighs and, resting on his forearms, started pumping her smoothly. My wife is normally slow to become aroused, but this time she started moaning as soon as he entered her. Andy must have been super horny because it was only a matter of seconds before he spurting hot come all over her belly.

Drew walked over to be next. He pushed his cock into Faye's waiting mouth. He rhythmically fucked her mouth as Faye fingered her clit, spreading the lips wide to give the rest of us a good look. They both came in shuddering orgasms. Howie had been standing off to the side, eagerly watching but a bit hesitant to get involved. Faye looked straight at him and gave him a "come hither" smile. She took his dick in her hand and said that she especially liked to suck on uncircumcised pricks because they were so salty. Howie closed his eyes in pleasure as she got on her knees, peeled back the foreskin, and licked the head of his dick, paying extra attention to the glans. When his cock was rock hard and quivering, Howie positioned her doggie-

style and slid into her waiting cunt. Faye was really hot now and was virtually screaming with every stroke.

All four of us laid her twice that night, and every other night of our holiday was spent in various positions with at least one or two of our newfound friends. The end of our vacation turned a little sour as Faye took a nasty fall on the ski slopes and sprained her ankle. As I took her to the hotel emergency room I noticed a faint, sly smile on Faye's face. When I caught a glimpse of the nurse on duty I began to understand why.

It was too late to introduce a fifth friend into our foursome, but you can bet we've already made our reservations for the same place, same time, next year. — *Name and address withheld*

Toys in the attic

I work part-time for an insulation company, which has me at a different location almost every day. One rainy day I was to work in an attic. I was on the job at 8am sharp. While pulling up some old floor-boards, I found a shoe box beneath them. I pulled it out and opened it. There in front of my eyes were candid photos of two of the most desirable young cunts in every imaginable position. They were the best color photos you could have hoped for. Just looking at those young, juicy cunts made my nine-inch cock grow hard as rock. In no time at all, I was jerking my rod and blowing a nut right on the tits of one of the pictures.

As I put my cock in my pants and went back to work, I heard this heavenly voice say, "Look, Nona, our little secret is out." When I turned around, there were the two beauties from the photos in the living flesh. Gretchen, the one who spoke, looked at me and teasingly said, "If you keep our secret quiet, we'll make this job well worth the money you're getting paid." She slowly walked over to me and gave a passionate kiss. As her hands quickly descended to my crotch, she said, "Let's see if we can't get this thing in working order." She unzipped my zipper and grabbed my now-limp cock. "You're a pretty big boy," Gretchen said as she gently stroked my manhood. Nona told me that I had made her horny and she needed immediate relief. She slowly, sensuously undid her shirt, revealing a pair of the largest, firmest tits I had ever seen.

In the meantime, Gretchen got down in front of me and started licking and sucking my now hard rod. Nona took off her pants and panties, lay across an old bed in the attic, and began to fondle her pink, moist pussy. I was having the best blowjob of my life when I heard a man's voice say: "I see you've met the baby-sitters." At the attic door was Jerry, the owner of the house and the man who hired me. "These are the au pairs my wife and I hired for the summer," he explained. "You're not the first guy they've banged." To my surprise Jerry

started snapping pictures. I was now on the bed with these two horny au pairs, getting the best fucking and sucking of my life, while their employer took pictures. If I wasn't already so excited, I might have been turned off by the weirdness of the whole situation. Soon Jerry stripped and gave me the camera and took my place with the girls. After watching this guy fuck, suck, and fondle them, my cock was hard and hot again. I started wacking my rod when Gretchen said, "Don't waste your meat; jump in." That was all it took and all four of us were sucking and fucking on the bed for hours.

By the way, I finally finished the job two days later. That's a little longer than usual, but no-one seemed to mind. — *Name and address withheld*

Card shark

My wife and I were playing cards one wintry afternoon with our neighbors from across the street. We had a fire roaring, making the room warm and cozy, and the brandies we were sipping gave us all a nice glowing feeling. During the course of the game, I felt a stockinged foot caress my leg. Looking down, I saw it belonged to Carmen, Jim's wife. I scooted up in my chair, enabling Carmen's foot to slowly trace its way up my leg and come to rest in my crotch. My cock got hard in record time. I reached under the table and guided her foot to my dick. Carmen began to massage it with her toes and roll it back and forth against my inner thigh. As I reached for an ace to take the card trick, my cock erupted, filling the cracks of Carmen's toes with my warm come. She just smiled and trumped my ace.

I decided it was time for some sweet revenge. I brought my foot up under the table and made contact with Carmen's thighs. She slowly parted her legs and allowed my foot to go under her skirt and rub her pantie-covered snatch. By wiggling my big toe, I was able to get into her panties and contact her hairy mound. My toe found its way to her cunt lips and I inserted it into her pussy. Carmen's mind was no longer on the card game because she misplayed the next two cards in a row. Suddenly, her eyes glazed over slightly and my toe became very wet.

The game broke up shortly after, with Carmen and I the losers. Our spouses were totally unaware of our extracurricular game playing. I helped Carmen clear off the table while our partners retired to watch TV. As I leaned on the partition that separated the dining room from the living room, Carmen looked at me with a wicked gleam in her eyes. Hidden from view, she dropped to her knees and crawled over until she was eye to eye with my one-eyed trouser snake. Reaching up, Carmen undid my zipper and extracted my sticky prick. She licked my cock clean, and with each flick of her tongue it grew bigger and bigger. Knowing we might get caught any minute, but un-

ADULTS only

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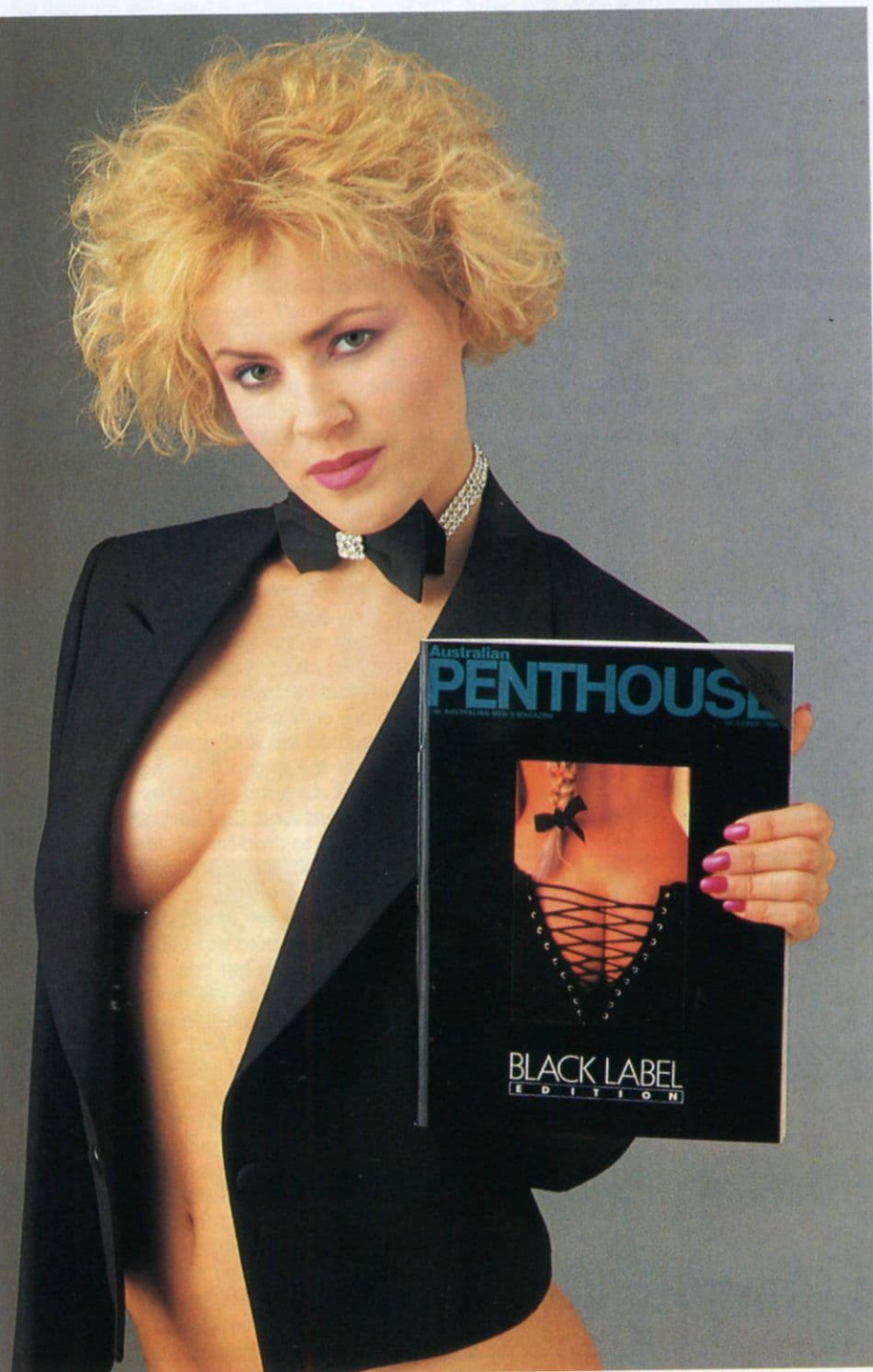
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FORUM

willing to stop, I placed my hands on Carmen's blonde head and guided her lips to the head of my stiff rod. In one quick motion she parted her lips and slid her mouth over my swollen organ. With one hand on the base of my cock and the other on my balls, she began to jerk and suck me off simultaneously.

I could not believe what was taking place. No more than ten feet away Jim lay on the floor watching television while his wife had her face full of cock. Meanwhile, my wife Georgette sat just inches away on the other side of the divider, unaware that her husband was getting the blowjob of his life. My balls were beginning to retract and jets of sperm pulsed into Carmen's mouth. Barely audible choking sounds came from Carmen as she swallowed rapidly to keep the come flowing down her throat. She sucked out the last few drops and kissed the head of my member before crawling back into the kitchen.

Carmen emerged from the kitchen a few seconds later and asked if anyone would like coffee and cake. Georgette and Jim agreed but I demurred. After all, I had already had my dessert. — *Name and address withheld*

Breakfast in bed

My girlfriend Lorraine and I have been

dating for about a year now. We recently had a lovemaking session that I thought would be worthy of writing down for your magazine.

Lorraine is not the girl next door, but she is in my eyes a very attractive woman. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, and a killer smile. Lorraine was not blessed with a very big chest, but she does have the cutest little breasts I have ever seen on a woman. I've had many a meal sucking on those cute little tits of hers. Before I proceed any further, I must mention that I have a fetish for older women. I am 22 years old and Lorraine is 33.

My parents were away for the weekend so I seized the opportunity to ask Lorraine to come over for breakfast early one Saturday morning. Little did I know that I was about to experience the fuck of my life. Being the romantic that I am, I thought breakfast in bed would be a nice idea, so I trotted off to the local bakery and picked up some croissants and apple Danish, which by coincidence happens to be Lorraine's favorite.

No sooner had I returned from the bakery than Lorraine had pulled up in her car. I didn't even get a chance to say hello, because she put her arms around me, kissed me passionately, and proceeded to drag me upstairs to my bedroom. I got the feeling at this point that breakfast in bed was really not on my lover's mind, but my eight-inch cock was what she wanted.

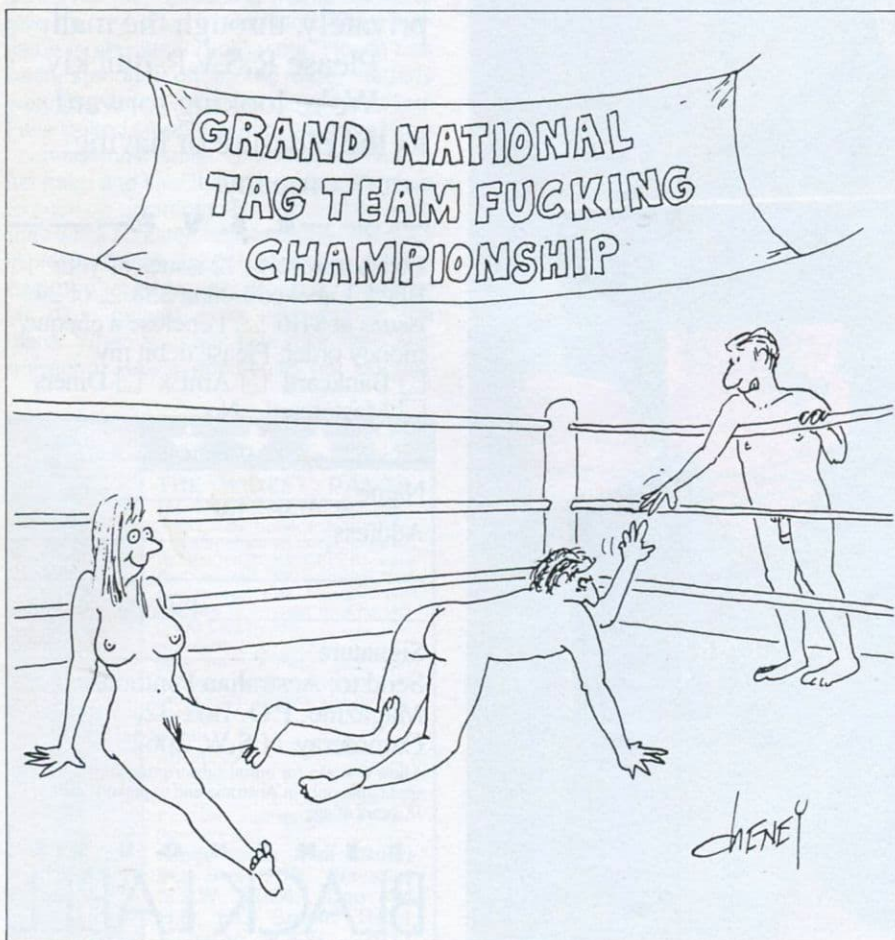
We lay down on my bed and began our usual kissing and foreplay. After about 15 minutes of kissing, she got up and unbuttoned her shirt to reveal the sexiest pink teddy I have ever seen. This thing was low-cut with spaghetti straps, and clung to Lorraine's body like a second skin. That's really all it took, and within seconds I had my clothes off, revealing my huge hard-on to my sweetheart, who was getting hotter by the minute.

We kissed passionately for a while as she played with my huge tool and I sucked on her little tits. She went down on me, giving me the best head I ever had. She put her mouth on my shaft and started kissing it slowly and tenderly. As I started to moan louder and louder, she took all of my shaft in her mouth so that none of it could be seen. She sucked me furiously but not quite enough to make me come. I thought I would return the favor by eating her cute little cunt. She undid the snaps of her teddy, showing me her gorgeous love tunnel. With her beautiful blonde pubic hair staring me in the face, I quickly took my fingers and gently parted her cunt lips. No sooner was I sucking on her cunt juices than she begged me to fuck her.

We assumed the missionary position, with her wrapping her legs around my back, holding on for dear life. I furiously pumped my penis into her for all I was worth. We were like two animals in a cage. My sheets were all over the floor, and somehow in all the excitement we managed to knock over the lamp next to my bed. After about ten minutes of furious fucking, I blew my load into her glistening cunt. We collapsed briefly in each other's arms, and within minutes she had my prick rock-hard and ready again.

My bed is very springy, almost like a trampoline, so I got up and sat at one end with my feet on the floor and told Lorraine to hop on my cock and that I would do the rest. She mounted me, and almost immediately I could feel the end of her vagina with my prick. I put my arms around her and let her fall backward a bit. She was nervous, begging me not to drop her for fear she might fall and hit her head on the floor. Almost immediately I started bouncing on the bed while at the same time holding Lorraine tightly so she would not fall. I let her go a little so as to arch her back so I could get deeper inside of her. We developed a nice rhythm in this position, and were fucking so furiously that sweat had totally engulfed our bodies. Lorraine must have come at least a dozen times during our lovemaking. Finally, I could not control myself any longer, so I took my prick out of her and spurted come all over both our bodies.

We were both soaked with sweat and come, so we decided to take a nice long shower together. After the shower we towelled off and sped off to my bed for some more fun. As it turned out, we were at it for almost four hours. — *Name and address withheld* 





Johnny

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new breed of ghost.
He's young, he's hip, he's horny
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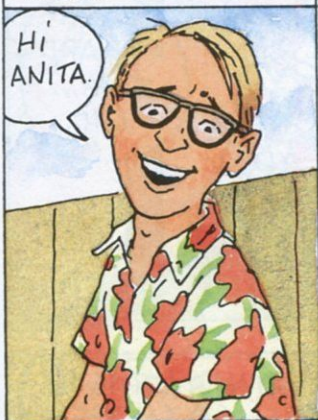
I USED TO THINK BEING MORTAL
WAS GREAT,... BUT NOW THAT I'M
REALLY HAVING FUN,... I REMEMBER
ANITA.



ANITA WAS MY OLD NEIGHBOUR,
HER BODY WAS HER TEMPLE,,
AND WORSHIP WAS ENCOURAGED.



NOW THIS GUY
HAS MOVED IN
NEXT DOOR.



YOUR HOSE
IS DROOPING
EDWARD.



SHE STILL KNOWS
HOW TO TORMENT.

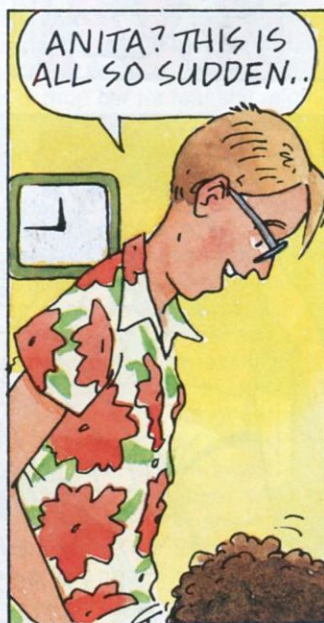
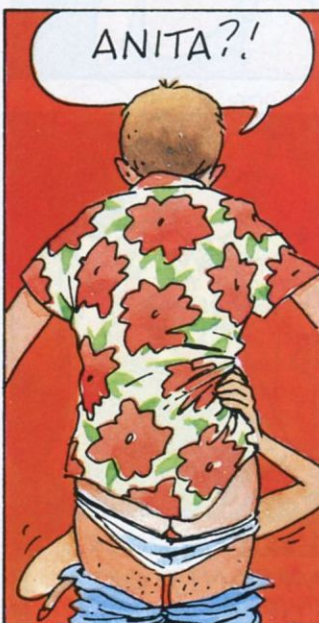
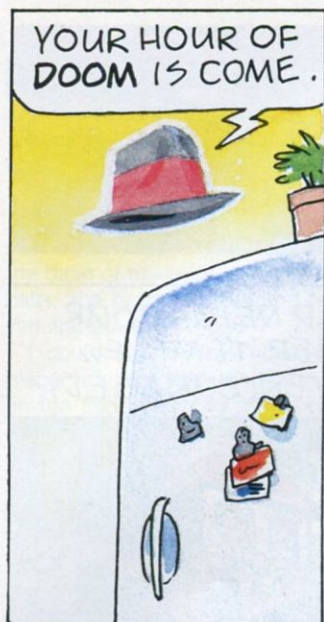


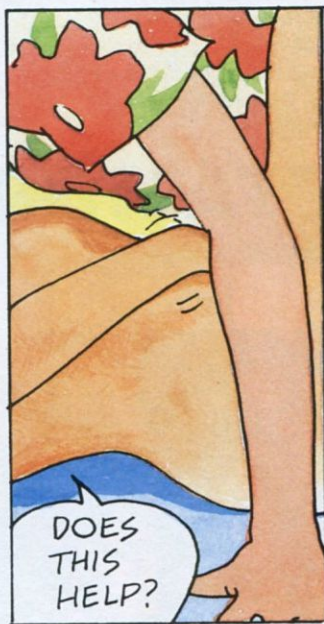
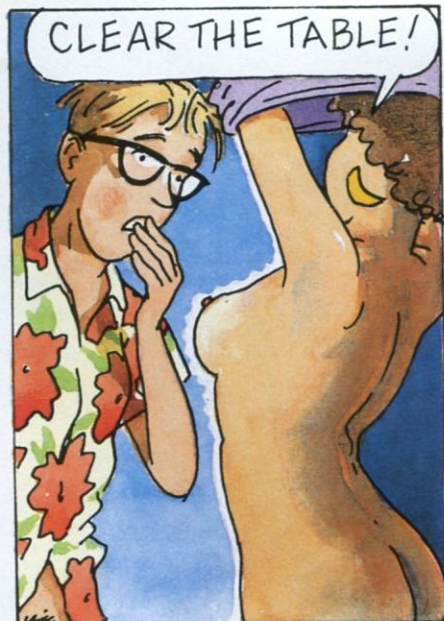
AND EDWARD
DOESN'T STAND A
CHANCE.



IT WAS TIME FOR
SWEET REVENGE.





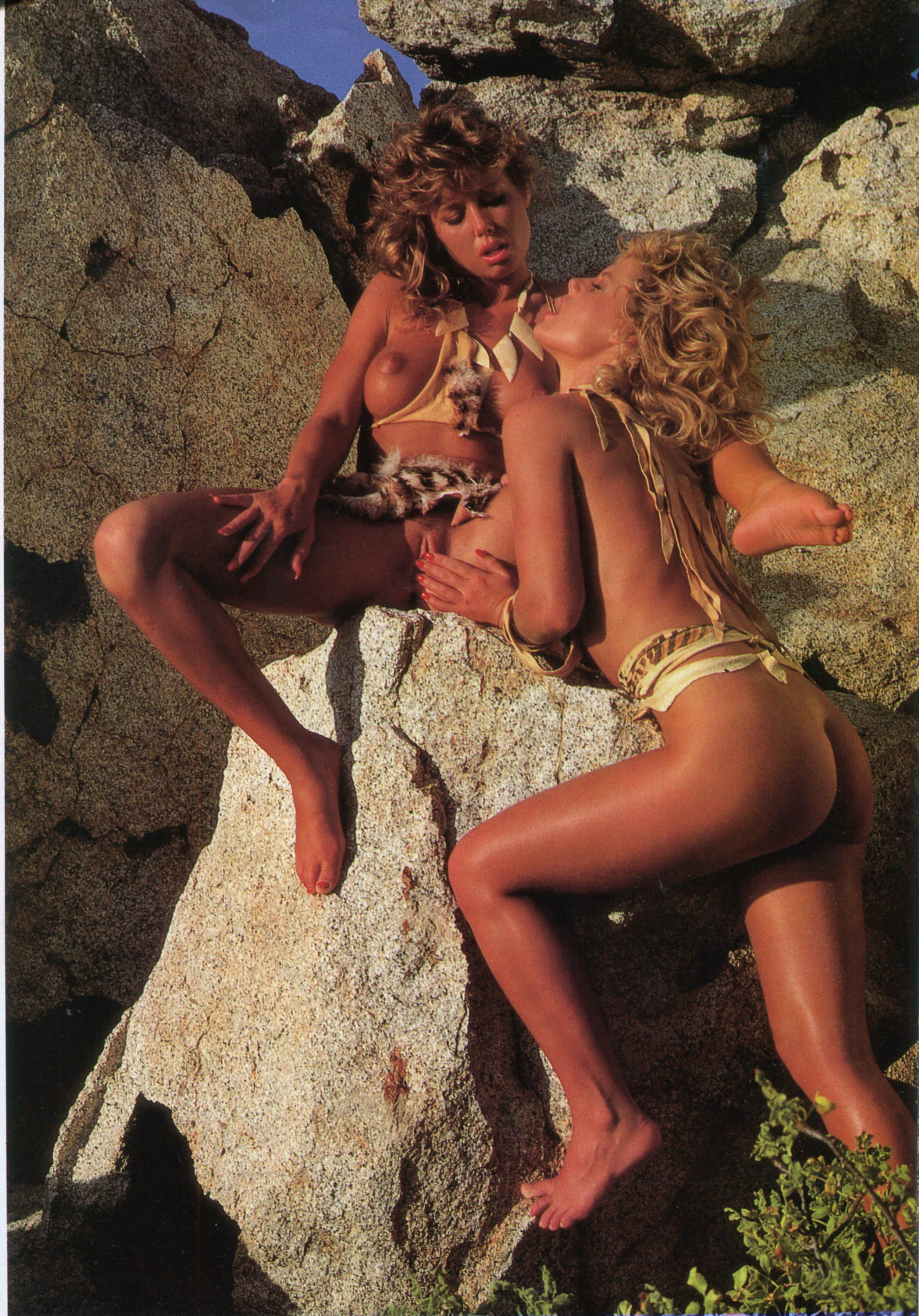


S_{aved}
by a steel-eyed man in leather, these
desert children are now left to their own devices.
The one they called Max has roamed off into the
sunset — the only man this pair had ever known.
Out here in the wilderness, the girls are already
missing the Max factor . . .

THE "MAX" FACTOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL











However it doesn't take them long to get over him. They have plenty of food, water and shelter. It's time now for some serious fun and games. Yet they can't help wishing he'd stayed around to enjoy the fruits of his labors. "No wonder they said he was Mad . . ."



FAST BUCK\$

Continued from page 62

In a Fast Buck\$ newsletter on corruption in north Queensland (involving drugs, fauna smuggling, rustling, murder) the bold crusader named a "notorious Mafia family" from NSW and claimed associations between the family, crooked cops and a well-known politician. This and other outpourings caused friends and supporters to fear for his life. Fast Bucks: "Everybody was going around saying, 'Fuck mate, they'll fucking kill you!'"

A Northern Rivers newspaperman, describing Buck\$ as "easily the best public watchdog we have", admitted also to some surprise that the watchdog was still drawing breath. Anderson himself tells how — according to a mate who was present at the time — the local affiliate of the Bond Corporation got an anonymous call from someone on the Gold Coast offering to kill Buck\$. The caller was told that Alan Bond "doesn't operate that way."

If he feels any alarm over all this, Buck\$ doesn't show it. On the contrary: in one newsletter he gave his lawyer's phone number, saying hate mail would be "gratefully received" and informing process-servers that summonses could be served by calling the lawyer during working hours. "Bribe offers of less than

\$25,000," he added, "will not be considered." One caller who responded threatened to snap Fast Buck\$' legs.

The story Anderson most enjoys recounting concerns how Alan Bond's lawyers unwittingly paid Buck\$ to accept service of the 1983 Supreme Court injunction against himself. For weeks after the injunction was issued, says Anderson, "a succession of big ugly morons came lumbering down here on absurd pretexts — did I want to sell my car, my horse? — obviously trying to find me so the summonses could be served."

The Green Pimpernel smiled contentedly. "I was never here. I wanted to put a bit more shit on Bond, so I was holding off taking receipt of the papers. Finally, I got a mate to go to the Bond lawyers and offer to reveal my whereabouts for money. The lousy bastards tried to quibble him down from \$500 to \$200, but in the end he got \$500 and we split the difference.

"We arranged for me to be in a Byron Bay restaurant, El Duomo, the trendies' haunt. I had a reporter with me and a couple of other friends, and I was dressed as Fast Buck\$. In comes the process-server: 'John Fast Buck\$ Anderson, I have documents from the Supreme Court for you.' I asked how he knew I was Fast Buck\$ and he said, 'You're Buck\$ all right,' gave me the papers and strode out.

"The journalist ran after him and asked,

admiringly, how he'd ever tracked me down. He said, 'I'm a professional. That's my job!'"

A few days later, Buck\$ was lumbered for distributing newsletters in breach of the injunction. He was fined \$500 for contempt of court (that figure again!) but still hasn't paid because, he says, he is bankrupt. "Not formally, but I have no assets . . . I'm a straw man at this stage."

Fast Buck\$ insists he isn't kidding when he calls himself a conservative. Compared to the excesses of environmental "rapists", he feels his own role is patently conservative. He formed the Conservative Party of Australia prior to running for the Senate in 1984, announcing its grandiose aims in one of the newsletters carted off by the Queensland Special Branch:

"Fast Buck\$, despite all the evidence of your unworthiness, now reluctantly gives you one last chance to *save the world and restore dignity to personkind*. All you have to do is join the CPA and vote like buggery for Fast Buck\$ when he runs for the Senate . . . or just send money! — fifty dollars is worth a peck on the cheek from Fast Buck\$. One hundred dollars gets you a friendly smack on the botty! Send one thousand dollars and we'll guarantee you a knighthood!"

Of the Senate campaign and its unsatisfactory outcome, Buck\$ now says, through a hangdog grin, "I'd rather forget that period. I over-extended myself. But I will gain a council position in the Byron Shire elections later this year. I'll win because my claims about corruption and palm-greasing in this area have been vindicated: events have proved me right."

There's no doubt Buck\$ has gained much local support, some of it from people whose public profiles prevent them openly aligning themselves with him. Buck\$ implies that some of his influential allies have been behind him all along: "A lot of people around here rely on what I do . . . I draw flak away from them; they seem nice and conservative and acceptable by comparison. That has been the tactic all the time."

Between environmental issues, he peppers his widely-read newsletters with fascinatingly personal attacks on developers' "stooges" and "lackeys." When outraged victims shoot back in the columns of local papers with accusations against Buck\$, or spread malicious gossip about him on the fertile local grapevine, enthralled residents can't wait to scan the latest Buck\$ newsletter for developments.

You see them everywhere poring over his material: surfies on the beaches; young mothers in Byron supermarkets; public bar drinkers; cops; hippies; tourists and councillors. All caught up in what is really a one-man growth industry embodying that most compulsive of entertainments: human conflict.

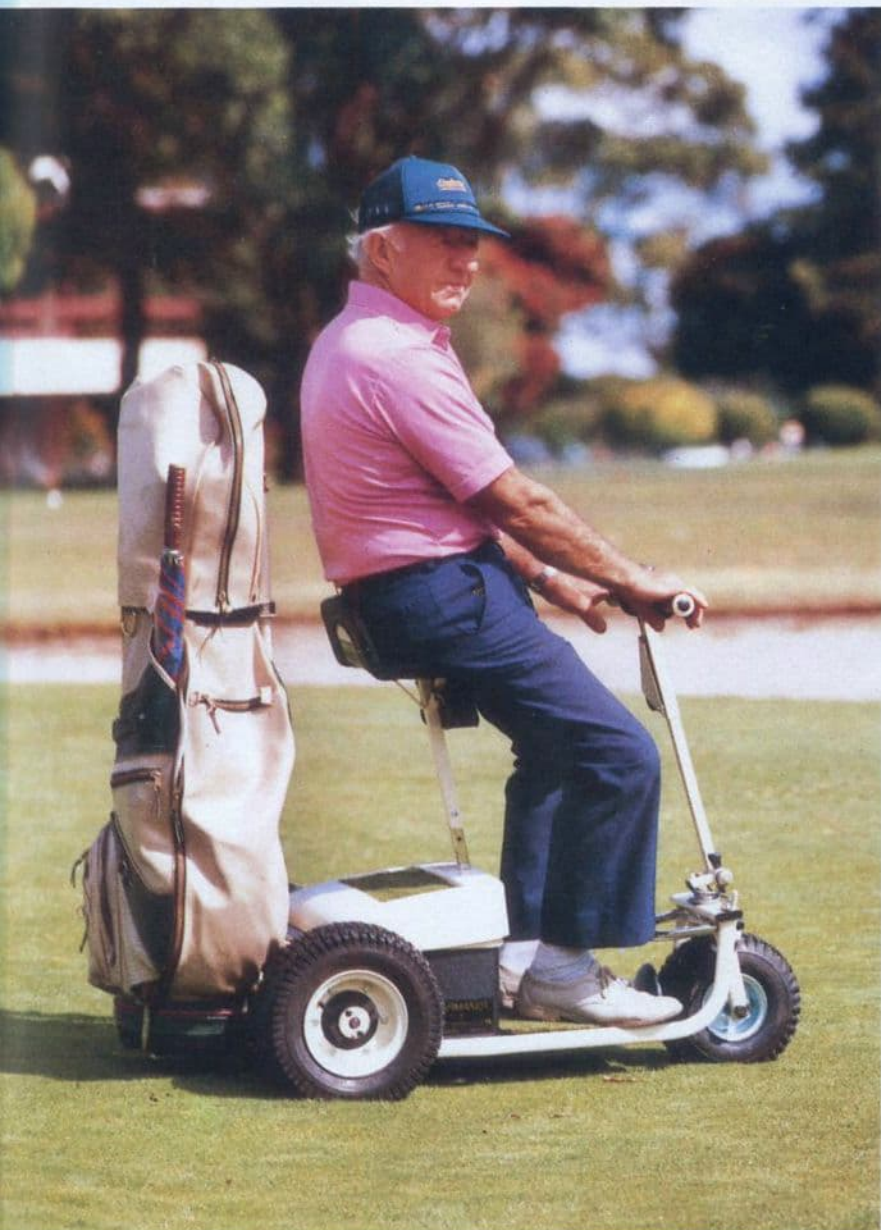


Why didn't you leave the termites till last?"

Continued on page 144

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LOOSE ENDS

THE SEXIEST MAN IN AUSTRALIA

It had been preying on my mind for a while but I reckon it all came to a head when I saw Cameron Daddo described in a newspaper as the sexiest man on Australian television. It was in an arvo tabloid I found on a train seat, and while having a bit of a flick between Wynyard and Town Hall I saw the story, along with a gumpy headshot of a young man who looked to have been well and truly behind the door when the gorm was being handed out. His mouth — corners upraised in a geeky smile — was the sort you could confidently suspect had never uttered a witty or urbane thing in its young life, even if you hadn't seen it in action on *Perfect Match*.

Well, I let out a sound that was a cross between a snort, a groan and a laugh. It was a *snoarf* and it gave the lady sitting next to me quite a start. She shot me a glance that was half horrified, half quizzical, like she didn't know whether to move away from this loony quicksmart or offer me a hankie. I looked back embarrassed and was about to explain, but thought better of it. Maybe she *liked* Cameron Daddo. Maybe he's the type that middle-aged ladies on trains get all thingy about while knitting cardigans. Perhaps they see in him all the girdle-dampening potential of a youthful, jowl-less Johnny Young.

I've got nothing personal against our Cammy. The point is that I have no desire to have any part of my person against him, nor against 99 percent of Aussie male characters touted in newspapers, magazines and chat shows as "sex symbols." Sex symbols to whom, I ask? It seems to me that all you have to do these days to be a male sex symbol is to have a donger and be on the telly. It also helps if you're not an overt "confirmed bachelor", to use the polite lingo, though I can think of at least one daytime TV personality who became a sort of Rock Hudson of the blue-rinse set.

To be tagged a female sex symbol around here is a pretty

tall order. A woman has to be good-looking for a start, be relatively young and it helps if she's got a dynamite set of knockers. If she happens to have a good brain into the bargain the media goes into a surprised, pants-wetting frenzy of calling her a "thinking man's sex symbol." As far as men go, it would appear that just about every dick and his dog in the public eye is awarded the silly tag — whether he's smart (for thinking woman's sex symbol read Ray Martin), sort of dumb but passably good looking (see opening paragraph and a brace of blond soapie stars), or ugly as an Akubra full of arseholes (Ray Barrett). You too could be a sex symbol — just get your mug on the box.

Talking about dicks and their dogs reminds me of another so-called sex symbol. I refer to one Albie Mangels. Now, Albie's not hard on the old eyeballs and I'll even admit to cooking up a bit of a fantasy about him once. In it I was standing by a road in the heart of deepest Fuckawiland, my pert botty cheeks peeking below my frayed denim cut-offs, my firm pecs thrusting beneath a tiny cotton tee, and my perfectly manicured thumb outstretched hoping for a lift. Along comes Albie, dressed just like me, and I give him the once-over and damned near swoon. Then he opens his mouth and in that monotonous nasal drone he says, "Whereyagoin'? Who woulda thought that me, plain old Albie Mangels, would meet up with such a *beeyootiful* chick here in the middle of nowhere." In a flash I think of the torture of having to put up with that excruciating voice for months, and maybe having to be filmed *in action* for the X-rated *World Safari* Albie probably shows to his mates on porn and prawn nights. Exit one fantasy. No-one who sounds like that can be a sex symbol. I sort of suspect that Albie's dog didn't really die in an accident, he just couldn't stand the sound of his master's voice any more and committed



bullterriericide.

But I digress. Who else have we got on this rollcall of Aussie rootables? Paul Hogan? The idea of sex with Hoges is about as appealing to me as cunnilingus with a crocodile, but I do harbor this sick fantasy of him standing at a urinal and saying to the bloke next to him, "That's not a dick. *This* is a dick!" Bryan Brown? I've got to give him this, when he learned to be a tree at acting class, he never forgot. Pass. Jack Thompson? Linda Evans can have him. Rock stars? I draw the line at running barefoot through gel. Soapie stars? I wouldn't know one if I tripped over one. Shame really, I hear they get a lot of *Country Practice*.

After all that you'd be forgiven for thinking that no man alive can send a fiery frisson through my tropical triangle. Not so. My gussies warm to attractive men with humor, humility and the dirt of a few human foibles on their

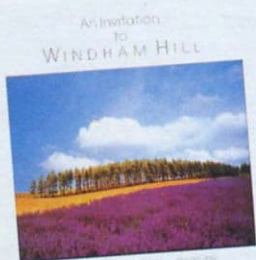
hands. Maybe I'd go for Mr Daddo if he smartened up, started cracking a few jokes and got a much-publicised warning to kick a smack habit or be Mr Deaddo. I never used to think much about Mel Gibson until I read he was a hellraiser and that he once drunkenly asked a journalist to walk all over him physically, not just in print. Mel, by the way, gets my vote as the sexiest Australian male. I don't care if he was born in New York, he can point his *Lethal Weapon* at me any day. But that's a personal thing, just me and a zillion other women. It's these silly dictated preferences that cheese me off. Calling every Tom, Dick and Harry a sex symbol is giving us Australian women a bad name. Crikey, next they'll be giving Gordon Elliot a guernsey. What for each of us constitutes a sex symbol should be left where it belongs — in the pants of the beholder. — C.J. Mackay

SOUNDS

If you haven't seen or heard some of U2's latest epic *The Joshua Tree* (Island) by now you must be deaf or dead. Their passion and singular vision tend to leap out of surrounding sounds in general TV and radio programming. This time round they claim to have relaxed their fear of American cultural imperialism to embrace and utilise some of its imagery and popular song forms. The prevailing moods tend to be isolation, deprivation and corruption — from the desert to the bloated businessman flashing money. Singer Bono claims it's the band's second real album, the first being 1984's *Unforgettable Fire*, where he started to get serious about his singing and lyrics. The production duo of Brian Eno and Daniel Lanois, who were responsible for that gem, were at work here too and have brought in Steve Lillywhite (who produced their first few albums) to mix a few tracks.

Bono claims they've utilised more conventional song forms. Sure, "Where The Streets Have No Name" starts with classic Who rhythm guitar, "Bullet The Blue Sky" reworks the throb of Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love" and there are flashes of Ry Cooder guitar work. But fans can relax as Nile Rodgers or Quincy Jones are nowhere in sight — they've resisted any closeted funky tendencies. The bank tends to ease in and out of song feels more than on the previous album — which could be Eno's influence (he being master of languid sonic landscapes).

Eno's influence is also heavily stamped on the flood of ambient records currently in the ether.



Two flourishing labels, the American **Windham Hill** and the English **New Age**, have hit the local market in a voluminous way with releases previously only on import. The main difference between

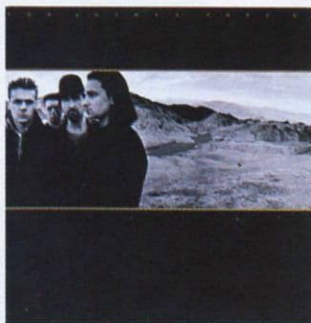
someone like Eno and most of these artists is that Eno is never interested in performance but rather mood. He has the advantage of not being hindered by vast technique. This is not to deny there are beautiful moments from the wide range of performers represented by these labels. Most are instrumental and lean on the natural untreated sonic beauty of acoustic instruments — except *Voices* by Claire Hammill, which features sampled vocal sounds to provide rhythms and textures. Some cynics refer to these records as pastel sonic wallpaper — think of them more as gentle respites from the turmoil of your life.

Robert Fripp also gets into the act with *The League Of Crafty Guitarists Live* (EG), 108 strings having their way with Fripp compositions (including some of his typical sharp edges and pastoral tape loops).

Despite the title *Go Bush* (Parole) the **Warumpi Band's** latest album sees them hit the big smoke to record and play. Spawned in Papanya aboriginal settlement with cross-cultural status established by white guitarist Neil Murray, the band has gradually infiltrated the pop outlets with its songs for and about our native race. Murray's rudimentary rock and country guitar do little to provide more than sing-along status to these tracks. Strong simple sentiments that aren't exactly uplifted by the musical setting.

The Cockroaches (Regular) prove themselves to be cheery little insects on their debut album of breezy up tempo pub rock. These are songs in the time-honored tradition of the school dance band — being in love, being drunk on love, or just being plain drunk. This album is as easy to live with as someone who is perpetually smiling and cheerful (and inadvertently inspires homicidal tendencies in cohabitants).

The **Hoodoo Gurus** incite you to



Blow Your Cool (Big Time) with their party machine. Sounding more and more like what the Hitmen always wanted to be, the Gurus ply their heavy metal fairy floss with a knowing smile.

One of the finest as yet largely untapped local voices is that of **Peter Blakely** — the high vibrato who gives the Rockmelons some of their sweet soul edge. His debut mini-album *Viscious* (True Tone) is anything but. Three originals and two covers (including Marvin Gaye's "Ain't That Peculiar") are a tantalising brief display of talent, though more variety of mood in the originals wouldn't go amiss.

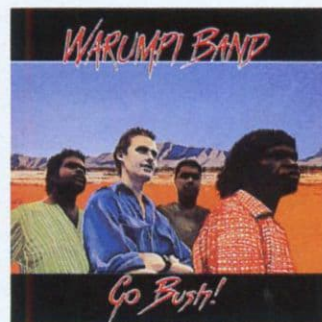
White punks on rap, the **Beastie Boys** have crash landed on to radio playlists with *Licensed To Ill* (CBS). They shout their chanted inanities over often solo drum machine with occasional hard rock guitar or more standard get-down brass zaps.

Richard Thompson tells of *Daring Adventures* (Polydor) without longtime partner Linda Thompson. He still sports elements of his folk roots, being a founding member of Fairport Convention, but his guitar playing and wit transcend mere revamps of traditional ditties. "I'm nearly in love, I'm almost walking on air" — John Martyn without the maudlin self-indulgence.

The large voice of equally undiminutive **Alison Moyet** graces ten more tunes perfect for *Raindancing* (CBS) on her second solo album.

Siouxsie And The Banshees, punks way past their bedtime, have stayed up to peer *Through The Looking Glass* (Polydor) at songs by the likes of the Doors, Iggy Pop, Brian Ferry and Dylan. — *Jeremy Cook*

NO FUNK PLEASE, WE'RE IRISH



Clockwise from the top: U2, with a more conventional passion; The rudimentary Warumpi Band; Hoodoo Gurus' metal fairy floss; Windham Hill label sounding very . . . Windham Hill.

FILM

THE BUDDY SYSTEM

If you thought Mel Gibson was mad as Max, you ain't seen nothin' yet. Comparing his post-apocalyptic character to his latest role in **Lethal Weapon** is like comparing Don Knotts to Dennis Hopper. Okay, so I exaggerate a trifle, but Mel as Marty Riggs, a suicidal 'Nam vet and weirdo LA undercover cop, is eyeball-rolling, can't-take-it-any-more MAD. And he's funny with it. Gloriously ga-ga and loving every minute of it. So will devotees of good action adventure love every minute of *Lethal Weapon*.

Directed by Richard Donner, the film teams Gibson with versatile Danny Glover in a classic buddy adventure in the world of dead dames, drugs and murderously evil villains.

Glover is Roger Murtaugh, a homicide cop and family man looking at 50 and hoping to play it quietly by the book until retirement. Gibson is Riggs, former Special Forces assassin and martial arts expert, working as a narc. The police shrinks have their eye on him because he's doing some odd things — you know, like begging coke dealers to blow his brains out. In their infinite wisdom the department transfers him from narcotics to homicide, where he's partnered with Murtaugh on the case of a pretty young hooker who's snorted half of Bolivia then taken a jump from a penthouse balcony. Or was she pushed? Whatever, Murtaugh takes one look at Riggs and he's not happy with what he sees. "God hates me," he says. "Hate him back. It works for me," says Riggs with a maniacal gleam in his eye.

Some very funny, cleverly scripted and well-acted scenes ensue as all of Murtaugh's fears are confirmed before a reluctant respect and friendship builds between the two. The film makers don't stint on the action during this period, they just allow you a few minutes here and there to breathe normally. It's about halfway through that the hyperventilating action really comes on strong and, man, it doesn't stop.

There are plot holes in *Lethal Weapon* that Mad Max could drive a semi-trailer through. It's

also punctuated with absurd coincidences, but its pace is such that you don't get a moment to dwell on them. Scripting is fast and funny (Shane Black), photography is good, verging at times on excellent (Stephen Goldblatt), and the stunts will blow you away. Music's good too, courtesy in part of Eric Clapton. What more can I say? *Lethal Weapon* is a ripnorter.

Another on the must-see list is **Outrageous Fortune** with its hilarious pairing of Bette Midler and Shelley Long. This Arthur Hiller-directed romp is also a buddy story — a *bosom* buddy story.

Shelley Long plays Lauren, an oh-so-serious young actress with aspirations to play Hamlet. Bette Midler is Sandy, a loud, gum-chewing wisecracker who's never heard of Hamlet but is fresh from a minor role in *Ninja Vixens*. The pair meet and hate each other while auditioning for a famous Russian thespian's acting classes. Little do they know that they are both porking the same man — a mercurial secret agent by the name of Michael (Peter Coyote). When Michael is seen to be killed in an explosion at a florist's shop, the two women meet up at the morgue and begin to fight over the charred corpse. Did I say charred? Well, a vital part is intact and when the two clap eyes on it they realise that it's too small to be the dick of the supposed deceased. So they set off to find him, squabbling riotously all the way and stumbling on their high heels into some coiffure-raising situations. It all makes for frenetically funny entertainment. On the giggle and guffaw meter *Outrageous Fortune* rates as near to ten as dammit. Laugh? I near urinated.

Another must-see. Moving on up the road you'll find the screen adaption of David Williamson's acclaimed play **Travelling North**, starring the wonderful Leo McKern, Julia Blake, Graham Kennedy and Henri Szeps.

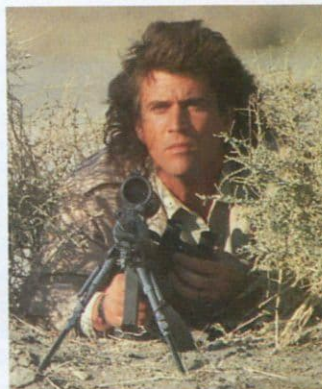
In this very moving and often humorous film, crotchety old bastard Frank (McKern) takes up with younger woman Frances (Blake) and transports her from her home and squabbling daughters in Mel-



bourne to the North Queensland paradise he has dreamed of and planned for throughout his working life. Paradise is not without a few bugs — the couple's seclusion is marred by nosy white-shoed neighbor Freddie (Kennedy) and by long-distance family whingeing. Frank also suffers a series of minor heart attacks and, recognising his own mortality, he rants at being cheated before accepting his imminent fate and enjoying the pleasures of love and beauty his life still offers.

Travelling North is a joy to behold. Director of photography Julian Penney captures unforgettably the sublime feeling of twilight romance in the tropics. Director Carl Shultz has extracted faultless performances from a virtuoso cast. All up, I believe this film to be the most profoundly moving ever made in this country. — C.J. Mackay

From the top: Midler and Long as bosom buddies in *Outrageous Fortune*; Julia Blake and Leo McKern cut a rug in *Travelling North*; Mel Gibson, mad as hell in *Lethal Weapon*.





RIGHT ON QUEUE



Around this time of year, Australians divide neatly into two groups. For some, each plunge in temperature marks a similar high-dive into morbid depression, as summer fades further and further into the memory. Meanwhile, the other group, the brass monkey brigade, pore over newspaper weather maps, religiously searching for the meanest, filthiest low pressure systems our atmosphere can muster. When snow is dumped, they likewise dump jobs, marriages, kids and dogs and make all speed for the powdered slopes. Why do they eagerly await these freezing conditions? Good question. These people drive hundreds of kilometres so they can stand in queues. They line up to get a park, and then they line up to buy special tickets which allow them to stand in line to get on ski lifts. When they get to the top of the mountain, they quickly ski down so they can rejoin their place.

Looking good in queues is almost as important as having the right equipment. That's why these pages are devoted to the very latest in queue-standing comfort and fashion, as well as technology. And as these photos suggest, Atomic is widely regarded as the number one brand for high performance queue-rejoining (aka snow skiing).

SNOW VISION

Any powderbuff recognises the name Carrera as the number one in ski sunglasses and goggles. Now Carrera have had the vision to come up with the Ultrasight lens. These goggles dramatically improve the quality of vision by reducing excessive visible light, increasing contrast and eradicating indirect reflections. Carrera challenge you to test the Ultrasight under simulated snow conditions at your favorite ski shops Australia-wide. Conceived, developed and tested in Australia, the Ultrasight goggles are now favored by the champs around the world. They sell for around \$89.



FOOT FAULTS

Ski boots have always been the bane of the powderhound, as the weight transfers from foot to foot — while restlessly standing in a queue — can involve all sorts of stresses. Remember when buying a boot to stand in it for at least half an hour to ensure the correct fit. Pictured here are some of the latest designs, covering roughly the middle range of price. Starting at the far left is the Koflach 511 Comp Foam, which sells for around \$399. To ensure a perfect fit, the foot is slipped into a bladder and then the foam is injected to mould around the foot before hardening. Next, to its right, is the Munari MR2, a rear-entry model which eliminates the standard crocodile-wrestling act to get a boot on (let alone off). Next, the Dachstein V3 Pro which, at \$395, is a conventional 5-buckle with overlapping shell. And finally, the Salomon SX51 — one here for men and one for women — one of the most popular brands. It's a rear-entry boot designed for convenience. All are available at INSKI in Sydney, our leading ski retailer — and nice to boot. Call them on (02) 277 055 for advice, or rock up for a browse.



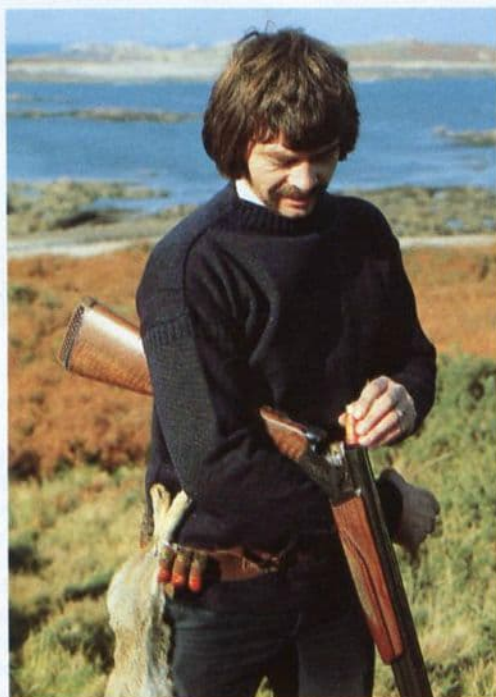


WHAT'S HOT ON THE SLOPES?

Color has the clout and contrast is the key to ski slope chic (*this year . . .*). The brights stand out. Shapes stay big above the waist with padded shoulders, then nip in to belted waists and the leaner-looking leg in both stretch ski pant and the even newer ski "jean." And new waterproof fabrics are all the rage. Previous techniques were mainly laminates added as an extra internal layer, which were fine until a nick or cut let the water seep in as if through blotting paper. Newer are fabrics like Entrant and Splash IV, both used in Australia's leading designs. They're teflon-based formulas that are sprayed on, forming a coating both within and on the fabric — and they're not affected by washing. Look for skiwear with sealed seams. Good gloves get the latest treatment with the new fabric Micropor, and are now built inside-out to be seam-sealed against leakage. Also new, pre-curved fingers which improve pole grip. Visit INSKI or phone them on (02) 27 7055 for info.

OUT OF A BIND

For racing and performance skiers seeking the ultimate performance binding system, the 490 RD Racing Formula series improves on what is already the outstanding name in bindings. This gear has been evaluated under the extreme conditions of world class racing, and provides security, ease and comfort. If they're good enough for the champs, you're sure to find they're good enough for anything. Check them out.



HE'S STILL WEARING IT

Remember that old ad for Softly where the young man gets a jumper from his girlfriend then proceeds to marry her, do lots of fun things and grow old while wearing the same jumper, and his long-suffering wife says in the voice-over, "I'm still washing it and he's still wearing it." Well, this traditional pure wool guernsey from the Channel Isles is the sort of jumper that folks grow old in — slowly, of course, and cosily. They tell us that one of these densely knitted fisherman's pullovers lasts longer than your average common or garden elephant and it'll keep you warm as a grandmother's pikelets through all sorts of damp and chilly adversity. With it's longer line, a wool guernsey is also guaranteed to keep your bum warm well into next century. They're available in all sizes, 11 colors, and prices start at \$125. Available from Guernsey Knitwear Importers, "Yerrunga" Kangaroo Valley, NSW 2577, or phone (044) 651 338.

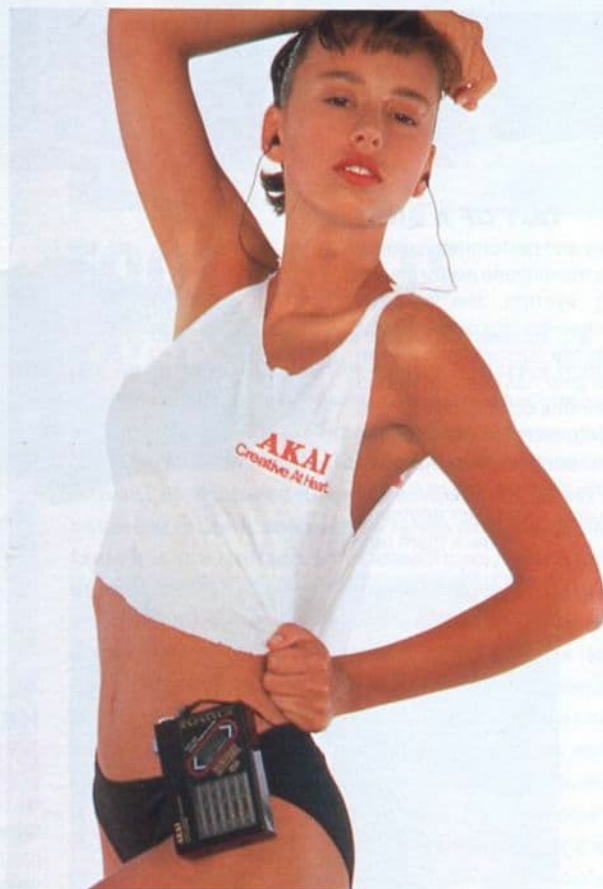


RIDE 'EM COWBOY

Wherever men are men and in the public eye you're going to find groupies. The rodeo circuit is no exception. Rodeo groupies are called buckie bunnies and we have it on good authority that nothing gets a buckie bunny going faster than a well-filled rodeo outfit. These fancy go-to-meeting cowboy togs can be found in Thomas Cook Boot and Clothing Co stores in Sydney and Melbourne, the best little cowboy outfitters this side of the Lone Star state. Aussie rodeo champ Bernie Smythe recently dropped a bundle at Thomas Cook's for rodeo togs before jetting off to compete at the Calgary Stampede in Canada. The poinsettia embroidered shirt will set you back \$45; the Akubra hat \$59; Feather hatband \$29; Scroll buckle \$130. Thomas Cook also carries a full range of not-so-loud apparel for the rhinestone-less cowboy.

IN YOUR EAR

It gets hard to remember the days when folk walked this fair land without gizmos in their earholes and small music-playing devices strapped somewhere in the region of their midribs. These days you can't take a drive without nearly skittling some jive-stepping pedestrian oblivious to the real world in his cocoon of recorded sound. Feel like meeting your maker with "Sympathy For The Devil" blasting through your scone? Then why not get yourself the latest Walkman-style PM-R5 from AKAI? It features automatic reverse and five-band graphic equaliser. Looks good, too. It gets hard to remember when last we saw such a good picture of a tape player. Yeah, it gets hard . . .



RAISING CANE

Now here's a few items that may come in handy when you're recovering from multiple fractures sustained on the ski slopes. These handsome walking sticks also brush up well as pretentious accessories to team with your monocle and spats, perhaps. They also make a rather interesting decorator item for a bloke's hallway. Might even come in handy for dispersing burgling buggers with designs on your video — but don't tell the cops we told you that. At \$29.50 each a chap can afford to buy up a bundle. The fancy fluted umbrella stand hails from Italy and costs \$155. These items are available from stockists of Saywell Imports products around Australia. For more info call Saywell Imports on (02) 519 5622.



SWISH SWISS

It didn't take Australians long to discover the sophistication and innovation of Raymond Weil watches. The 11-year-old Swiss company was launched here a few years back, and as word and watches got around sales have skyrocketed. Raymond Weil quartz analogue watches are noted for quality, diversity of design and a price range that kicks off at an affordable \$300. A wide range of styles for men and women is available at reputable jewellers. We've pictured two from the ultra-slim, classically styled Othello Collection. On your wrist for around \$1000 each.



CRAFTSMANSHIP

In days of olde sailors would do the most amazing things to amuse themselves during those long, lonely months at sea. Verily, the mind boggles. Among the more artistic pastimes was scrimshaw, the carving of shells and whale bones and teeth with scenes of ships and sailors' home towns. Exquisite and now very valuable art works were engraved on Moby Dick dentures.

Very few authentic examples of the craft are available in Australia but these English replica pieces serve to illustrate what scrimshaw is all about. Scrimshaw snuff boxes (\$45), letter openers (\$45) and hip flasks are available at Glendinning's Menswear and Naval Outfitters, 767 George Street, Sydney and Red Anchor Tailoring Company, 75 Macleay Street, Potts Point, Sydney.

CROC KNIVES

Rambo had a minor role in it but Mick "Crocodile" Dundee would have to get the lion's share of the blame, according to Jeni Bruce, marketing manager of Mick Smith's Firearms and Sporting Goods in Sydney. No sooner had the Akubra-ed larrikin wielded his weaponry on the big screen than the hordes began invading Mick Smith's asking for survival knives. The store was prepared. They've got knives

there that just about drive the kids to school, remove embarrassing lipstick stains from your collar and clear up your acne. Well, they've got a wide range. We've pictured two. On the left is the BMF Model from Gerber, the world-renowned German company. It sells for \$300. On the right is the American-made Buckmaster survival knife. It comes with a self-sharpening pouch and a compass and sells for \$243.



SLEEP ON IT

These are advertised as "shockingly sexy" pillow cases. There are six in a packet, "with a different sexual position for every day of the week — except Sundays." What's wrong with Sundays? you ask.

Well, it is a day of rest. The six-pack costs \$59.95, and is available by mail-order from Private Partner's, 5/470 Glenferrie Rd, Hawthorn 3122. Bankcard, Visa, Mastercard, cheque or money orders are accepted...



FAST BUCK\$

Continued from page 134



Bambi: grown men fawn

COMING IN AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Israel's Secret Weapon — Israel's legendary intelligence operation, the Mossad, has long been considered the best in the world. Next month *Penthouse* reviews the Mossad's strengths and weaknesses and visits a training camp in Latin America where former Mossad operatives train security forces to combat today's international plague of terror.

Animal Acts — Bestiality, the love that dare not squawk, bark or growl its name, is much more common than most people think. In this timely and comprehensive story, Senior Editor Greg Hunter investigates some remarkable animal acts, and comes to the conclusion that, in the land where men are men and sheep are nervous, there are many who are grateful that animals don't talk.

Exit The Dragon? — This November John McDonald, from Sefton in Sydney's west, will confront a young Brazilian freestyle streetfighter before 20,000 maniacal fans in Rio in a full-contact, winner-take-all brawl. Australia's martial arts "establishment" wants three questions answered: Who the hell is John McDonald, what is "shinobi", and since when was he the pick of Australia's martial artists? Find out in August *Australian Penthouse*.

Dear Deer — Bambi is not her real name. August's centrespread adopted this pseudonym as a joke when she launched her dancing career. Photographer Nick Brokensha went outback with our up-front model to shoot this sensational centrespread. When you find yourself fawning over Bambi, you'll agree that her alias is appropriate.

Two examples. The first is excerpted from a long tirade by Buck\$ against (name deleted), "... editor of an extreme right-wing set of bowling, golf and cricket notes laughingly called the (newspaper name deleted). I've had enough of your inevitable 'comment' after every letter you don't like; enough of the prominence you give to letters you *do* like; enough of the trite and shallow aphorisms you steal from *Reader's Digest* ... enough of your gutless obedience to those 'pillars of society' you think are your friends but who in truth regard you only as an old fool to be used free of charge for their own ends." *PHEW!*

And something even more personal, from an early newsletter: "(name deleted) ... a developer's lackey, camp follower and sometimes employee of (names deleted). Renowned for her vicious and sniping loud mouth and her Labor Party name-dropping ('I was talking to Nev,' and 'Bob told me.')

Seen recently dining with (name deleted) and driving his car around. Surely they're not ... !?"

And so on. Though responding in most cases to slurs against himself, Fast Buck\$ is so capable in this role he seems, at heart, to have the instincts of an old-style *Truth* reporter. His latest campaign, supported by his behind-the-scenes "respectable" allies, is an attempt to abort a development proposed for a pristine bush reserve at Broken Head. Buck\$ and his gang suspect the project is a foot-in-the-door front for Japanese financiers who plan some kind of ghastly resort-cum-theme park that will gobble up the entire reserve.

When he's through with that mob, I hope the rogue greenie has time to lend a hand up in Brisbane. News is just out that Queensland's State Cabinet, with the instincts of an avaricious lemming, has approved a sand-mining venture on the eastern side of Moreton Island. At least as beautiful as Fraser Island, Moreton is only a couple of hours by boat from Brisbane: one of the last undeveloped coastal wilderness areas in south-east Queensland.

Most of it was recently gazetted national park, yet (against expert advice) the government doggedly retained 6.4 percent under mining leases — unable, apparently, to resist the idea of allowing at least a token portion to be mangled at some future date. Mines Minister Brian Austin wouldn't even realise it, of course, but the area he says will be mined later this year is the most appealing part of the island, taking in a magnificent blue lake that delights visitors and is a vital water source for wildlife. Vandalism is the only word for it, compounded by an obtuse electoral death-wish.

Excuse me, Mr Buck\$, I seem to be getting into your area. Then again, maybe it's time more of us did. 



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